LICENCED,

Octob. 1.
1617.

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CLITIE,

A

NOVEL.

Written by *Rich. Blackbourn*, Gent.

LONDON,

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To the

HONOURABLE

Sir *Edward Sebright*, Bar.

SIR,

THE Author's untimely death preventing his Desire of addressing this Piece to your Patronage, I thought my

self obliged (the Copy being left in my hands) at once to make good his Intentions, and gratifie my own Inclination. It being therefore a Posthumous Work (though the first Fruits of his Fancy) your favourable Protection will be the more generous. His Ingenuity might have made some proportionable Offer at your Character; and indeed where so many Ac-

com-

compliſhments of Mind and Perſon are happily united, the moſt modeſt Account that could be given, would have made no ſmall Panegyrick without any Aſſiſtance of Artifice or Rhetorical Colours. I dare not undertake to draw you to the Life, nor can pretend to touch thoſe many ſhining Graces wherewith Art and Nature have made you admirable. Beſides,

sides, Sir, your own Modesty (that inseparable Companion of ingenious Tempers) might think that too much, which all that know you will find too little, and short of the fair Original. The Charms of Behaviour, Civility and Courtesie, (especially when they are the Result of a good Nature) in a Person of Quality, are no small Inducements to attract

the

the Love and Esteem of Mankind. But if, besides the Accomplishments of a Gentleman, the strongest Dispositions to Vertue and Knowledge, with an early and eminent Progress therein, be enough to create an Expectation in the World, your best Friends and nearest Relations have only this to wish on your behalf,

that

that your ripe Manhood may make good the Promises of your Youth, and render you (as undoubtedly they will) an Ornament to the Nation. But, Sir, my present Design being not to present you with an *Encomium*, but only to beg your Favour to an Orphan-Piece of Ingenuity, if it have the good Fortune to divert your leisure

ſure Hours (as it was the Author's Ambition) it will be no ſmall Satisfaction to,

Sir,

Your devoted

Humble Servant,

N. TATE.

CLITIE,
A
NOVEL.

PART I.

CLITIE is of an Extraction illuſtrious enough to make her eſteem'd one of the greateſt Ladies of the Kingdom; but her Merits and her Beauty yet render her a thouſand times more worthy the Reſpects and Adorations of all that ever knew her. If Heaven has given her a Deſert above others, and a Beauty more adorable than ever was, it has not given her a heart leſs tender, or leſs paſſionate; her Soul has naturally all the ſoftneſs that Love is capable to inſpire; and none was

ever made a fitter Object for the Seat of that ſoft Deity, than her ſelf.

She was but thirteen years of age when the whole Court looked on her with admiration, and all the greateſt Perſons of the Realm made her Pleaſure their care and ſtudy.

Her Father (had many great Employments near the Perſon of the King) who loved her extreamly, nor did a day paſs wherein many did not importune him to gain a conſent to marry her; but amongſt the multitudes of thoſe whom her Charms and Beauty had rendred her Captives *Darbelle* and *Amaſis* ſeem'd to be the greateſt Trophies of her conquering Heart.

Darbelle was a man of great quality and altho' he was very young, and of a Beauty not common to men, he was not leſs couragious, and extreamly brave his Father had ſpent much money in the Wars, and lived up to the height of thoſe Employments that were given him, which left him not that Wealth that he deſerved; however, he had a noble Command and no ſmall Eſtate.

Amaſis was not inferiour to *Darbelle* in Birth, but was ſo rich and magnificent that if *Darbelle* had ſome advantage of him by his Beauty and Behaviour, he had

th

he advantage of *Darbelle* by his Retinue nd Equipage, which were the moſt a-greeable, and moſt gallant of all the Court; t cannot be deny'd but he had a natural Vanity, and never man was more puff'd p with an opinion of his own advantages, han himſelf.

Celſe (who was *Clitie*'s Father) had greater inclination for *Amaſis*, than all he other Suitors of his Daughter, and arneſtly deſir'd a Marriage between them. ut *Clitie* (young as ſhe was) had a Wit nd Judgment ſo diſcerning, that ſhe ou'd not avoid having far more indiffe-ence for him than for *Darbelle*.

But *Amaſis* who was of a violent Tem-er, and whoſe Tranſports often carried im even to Brutallity, after having ren-red all the endeavours he was capable of o overcome the Rigours of *Clitie*, ſaw here was no hope for him, and that he ad no longer any pretenſions of marry-ng her, (her Father having declar'd he ou'd never force his Daughter's Inclina-ions, but leave her the free choice of an lusband wholly in her own diſpoſal) eliev'd he cou'd not better diſintangle imſelf from the Chains of this inhu-nane, but by applying himſelf to ſome ther Lady of the Court.

He had hardly thought of this design when the Eyes of the fair *Julia* help'd him to compleating of it; he found her pliable enough to listen to him, and so much the rather, because this Lady (who had no small esteem of her own Charms and Beauty) had a mortal Jealousie against *Clitie*, who young as she was, had already robb'd her of a thousand Adorers.

Julia no sooner beheld the passionate Flame she had kindled in the Heart of *Amasis*, but she was overjoy'd, it being a matter of Importance, and of Glory to gain so eminent a Victory over *Clitie*, which was no small Argument of the good Entertainment he received from her.

Amasis (on the other side) who had no intentions but to beguile his time with *Julia*, and dissipate some of those Troubles the Cruelty of *Clitie* had given him, became really in love with her; and, as it is usual with Lovers to side with their Mistresses in their Opinions, he failed not in a little time to share with her the ill will she had for *Clitie*. In the beginning the matter was dress'd in a thousand little Raileries, which *Amasis* and *Julia* made on her, which at first she laugh'd at; but at length the Insolence of *Amasis* (to to please his new Mistress) came to be pub-

bliſhed in all places, that he had recei-
d Favours of *Clitie*, and that it was
ne of her fault that ſhe did not marry
m. *Clitie* cou'd not hear theſe things
oke of her, without reſenting it with a
ortal Affliction.

She had not long the power to diſſem-
e the Subject of her Grief, for *Amaſis*
ith an unparallell'd boldneſs, adds daily
ore and more to his Detractions, and
fore ſo many Witneſſes, that every
ing came to *Clitie's* knowledge. Yet
verthelefs ere ſhe would reſolve on any
evenge, ſhe wou'd have better grounds
r what ſhe heard, than publick Ru-
our.

Darbelle, who was ſeldom abſent from
r, had no ſmall ſhare in her Troubles;
nd ſhe had alſo for him a great eſteem,
nd ſome tenderneſs: He daily intreated
r to diſcover to him the cauſe of her In-
ietudes in ſo obliging a manner, that
ter having defended her ſelf for two or
ree days from his Importunacy, ſhe could
o longer reſiſt making him her Confi-
ent. 'I can receive no content (ſays ſhe
ne day to him with Tears in her Eyes,
hich her Grief drew from her) 'ſince I
am ſo unhappy to be beloved of one the
moſt diſingenious of all men, that is to

'ſay, *Amaſis*, who I hear every day pub-
'liſhes a thouſand reproaches againſt my
'Honour.

Darbelle bluſh'd at this Diſcourſe, through Anger and Vexation, and made known to *Clitie* how deſirous he was to revenge the Injuries that *Amaſis* had done her; but ſhe wou'd by no means give way to it, but only intreated him, as a man that eſpouſed her Intereſt, that he would ſearch out the Truth, whereby ſhe might take her meaſures for her Juſtification.

Darbelle promis'd what ſhe requir'd, and in purſuance thereof, the next day ſought for a fit occaſion to diſcourſe with him, and by good fortune found one the moſt favourable that cou'd be; for meeting him about four of the Clock in the Afternoon walking in the Garden of *Artulieries*, he deſir'd his Company to the Orange-Garden, with a pretenſion to buy ſome of the Fruit. They both went into *Darbelle*'s Coach together, and arriving thither, they alighted and walk'd ſome time on foot viewing the Oranges.

After ſome Diſcourſe, *Darbelle* ſays to him, 'O *Amaſis*, you are the moſt happy 'man that ere I knew, who have gain'd 'the Affection of ſo beautiful a Lady; but

I am ignorant how you ſhou'd ſo ſoon become weary of her Favours; for my part (added he) I have ſighed for her a long time, and never was ſo happy as to obtain the leaſt favourable Conſent from her in my Amours. *Amaſis* at this Diſcourſe, with his uſual Imprudence, anſwered him ſurlily; 'I do not think the happineſs ſo great as you imagine it, and ſhou'd be much troubled to continue any longer in her Fetters; Is it not enough (purſues he maliciouſly) that I have had Proof of her weakneſs, but I muſt needs marry her? And think you, 'tis not much better to caſt off her Chains than continue in them as you do, who are but a Fool the while?

'Is it true (*anſwered* Darbelle *coldly*) 'that you have received ſuch Treatment? 'It is moſt true (*replied* Amaſis) that ſhe 'hates me not, and that ſhe has omitted 'no Endeavours to oblige me to marry her, 'but by good fortune I have eſcap'd it.

'I cou'd not believe (*replies* Darbelle) 'that you were ſo baſe a Perſon as I find 'you are; I have been told as much by 'many, but I thought it only your Ene-'mies that had done you an Injuſtice, and 'not what you merited; tho now I am 'confirm'd that there is no vile Action of

'which you are not capable, since you 'have the Confidence to aſperſe one of 'ſuch Quality and Vertue as *Clitie*.

Amaſis was much ſurpriz'd at this Diſcourſe, and he wou'd never have talk'd to him after ſuch a manner, but to raiſe in him a contempt of her, that ſo he might have quitted her. Nevertheleſs he being reſolute, and what he had told *Darbelle* cou'd not be recall'd, he believed himſelf obliged to make him ſome Anſwer, (aſſuming therefore the Diſcourſe, he told him after a rallying manner: 'You do 'well not to believe what I have told you, 'for 'tis not much for the Credit of ſo gal-'lant a young Man as you are, to conſume 'your ſelf in vain Addreſſes to a Beauty, 'who is prodigal of her Favours to other, 'but does not value you.

Darbelle could no longer endure this Inſolence (but ſuffering himſelf to be carried away with thoſe Emotions that a true Lover cannot but feel when he hears his Miſtreſs wrong'd;) draws his Sword, which *Amaſis* no ſooner ſaw, but was as ready to defend himſelf; they being both men of great Courage, made the Combat more formidable: *Darbelle* receiv'd three Wounds ere he cou'd touch *Amaſis*; but ſeeing his Blood flow from him on all

ſides,

ſides, and fearing to be overcome by the Efforts of ſo dangerous an Enemy. The Rage and Fury (wherewith Love did then inſpire) took ſuch ſtrong Poſſeſſion of his Heart, that rallying up all his Forces, he gave *Amaſis* two ſuch Wounds which laid him breathleſs at his Feet.

This Combat was in place retired from all People, and whither *Darbelle* had drawn *Amaſis*, with no other deſign (at firſt) but that they might diſcourſe more freely, and that he might with the greater eaſe make a Diſcovery of what he came about: And altho this Quarrel was no premeditated thing, yet their being in ſuch a place, with other Circumſtances, and the love that all People knew they both had for the ſame Perſon, without much difficulty made every one believe it was a ſet Duel.

The buſineſs was ſoon made publick, and every body that were concern'd, took their Friends part: That of dead *Amaſis* (who was the Heir of a vaſt Eſtate, and a Perſon of great Quality) was the ſtrongeſt. The King, who was willing to be inform'd of the truth of the matter, was over-perſwaded that *Darbelle* was the Agreſſor, and openly declar'd againſt him, commanded a diligent ſearch to be made,

and that his Proceſs ſhould be drawn up with all the ſeverity that cou'd be, as was uſual againſt Crimes of that nature.

In the mean time the unfortunate *Darbelle* foreſeeing the *Præmunire* this buſineſs had brought him into (all wounded as he was) retir'd to a Friend's Houſe of his, called *Lycidas*, none knowing where he was gone, or that he had been wounded. And after ſome few days had paſt, they made no doubt but he had made his Eſcape, and left the Kingdom; and his own Friends, to make the Report more credible, gave out, That they had receiv'd intelligence from him out of *Spain*, whither he was fled to ſecure himſelf.

In the miſerable eſtate our poor Lover found himſelf in: ('twas not the fear of Death, nor the Diſgrace he ſuffer'd under by his Prince, that ſo much afflicted him; but the unavoidable neceſſity of leaving his dear *Clitie*, and that he had loſt by it all hopes of ever poſſeſſing her;) he was almoſt diſtracted when he found he was forc'd to leave her in a Countrey where there was but little probability of his ever appearing there again. Thus were his Thoughts imploy'd, and his poor Heart almoſt broke with Grief.

Clitie in the mean time came to the Knowledge of this News, amongſt the reſt of the Court, by the Rumour that preſently ſpread it ſelf every where. None ſuſpected her concern'd, *Amaſis* being dead, and having no evidence, they were all ignorant of the true Cauſe; ſhe alone knew what had paſſed between the two Rivals; and looking upon her ſelf as an (innocent) Cauſe of all *Darbelle*'s misfortunes, the violence ſhe impoſed upon her ſelf to hide the trouble ſhe was in for it, caſt her into a fit of Sickneſs.

It is certain that her Heart (which till then was ignorant of what it felt) in the ſame moment found it ſelf touch'd with a ſenſe of his great Merits, and thoſe important Obligations for which ſhe was bound to *Darbelle*, add to this the Pity which his Misfortunes rais'd in her, notwithſtanding all the oppoſition ſhe cou'd make, created in her ſomething ſo tender, that ſhe found ſhe was no longer Miſtreſs of her own Heart, and which wou'd have rendred *Darbelle* (did he but know it) in the midſt of all his Miſeries, the moſt happy and contented man in the whole World.

She reſolv'd in her ſelf no longer to hide her Sentiments for him, and to con-

feſs to him, that ſhe had ſome Tenders of Love for him; nor could either her Virtue or Reputation make the leaſt Objection againſt this Reſolution; for *Darbelle* was one of the principal Men at Court, and there were not many that cou'd equal him in Quality. He had ſought her in Marriage long before he had moved it to her Father, and withal had got his Conſent; and to this add the Service he had done, wherein he had loſt all for her; ſo perfectly finiſh'd the Work, that ſhe had not the leaſt Repugnance in determining her Choice, and reſolving to make him her Husband; nor cou'd ſhe do leſs without incurring Cenſure and blame when the Truth ſhou'd be known.

But notwithſtanding all theſe favourable Opinions (for *Darbelle*) had ſeated themſelves in the Breaſt of *Clitie*, he was nothing the more happy, he was ignorant that ſhe had the leaſt Intereſt in his Affairs; he wou'd fain have made her ſenſible of 'em, but for ſome time it was a thing impoſſible, for he was wounded in the Hand, and had not the uſe of it to write to her, nor durſt he truſt any perſon with the things he had to relate to her.

Clitie, on the other ſide, was almoſt in deſpair, after not having heard from him

in

in four whole days; then 'twas her Fantie made her apprehend he had receiv'd ſome mortal Wounds of which he ſince was dead; and that the Troubles and Affliction he received from this Misfortune, wou'd not permit to ſeek out any Friend to whom he might have declared the Truth of the matter.

At length *Darbelle*, in ſpight of Chirurgeons who had him in cure, was ſo impatient to know his Deſtiny, that he was not to be hinder'd from writing a ſmall Note to her, which was deliver'd into her own Hands by the means of one of her Women (called *Mariana*) who was one ſhe repoſed much Confidence in, and one to whom ſhe had moſt freely open'd the Secrets of her Heart. The Letter was thus expreſt:

I *Have done, my faireſt* Clitie, *what you commanded me; it has coſt my Rival his Life, but me a thouſand times more, ſince by his death I am debarr'd from ſeeing you; and from that moment the fear of loſing you, has almoſt depriv'd me of my Reaſon, ſo that I am reſolv'd no longer to live, if you take not ſome pity on me; appoint me then (if you ſhall think good) ſome place and time where I may acquaint you*

more

more clearly with what you desire to know; but above all, abandon not the most amorous, and the most unfortunate of all men.

This Letter was no sooner delivered to *Clitie*, but she was amaz'd and surpriz'd by a thousand Disturbances, which till then her Heart had never felt, she open'd it, and read it with eagerness; but when she understood *Darbelle* still lov'd her most tenderly, and that he was not far from her, all those Disquietudes were converted to Transports of great Joy; and losing not one minutes time, writ to him an Answer in these words following.

I Am too much the Cause (tho innocently) of your Afflictions, not to have a sense of them; assure your self I have born my share in them ever since the first sad moment that I understood them: and if to make you satisfaction for all those Misfortunes I have drawn you into, be but the want of my Acknowledgments and Gratitude, you have reason to be content. I wou'd willingly grant you what you desire of me, but I am afraid of your life; expose not you self therefore imprudently, but if you are resolv'd to visit me, put on some disguise, and come this night to Mariana's *Chamber.*

This

This Anſwer was carried back to *Darbelle* by the ſame Meſſenger that brought her his Letter; it is impoſſible to expreſs the Tranſports of Joy that this Note raiſed in his Heart; he read it over and over again, giving a thouſand Kiſſes; and if ever any died with Impatience, he did little leſs in attending the bleſſed hour in which he was to be at *Mariana*'s Chamber: But the fear he had rather of expoſing his dear *Clitie*, than himſelf, ſtaid him, and made him retard thoſe pretious Minutes, he imploy'd all the reſt of the Day in contriving a proper Diſguiſe, but after a hundred Inventions, he found none ſo commodious to deceive the Eyes of all thoſe that might meet him, as by putting on the Habit of a Woman.

He was but about ſixteen or ſeventeen years old, and as beautiful as the Morning; and having attir'd himſelf in the Cloathes of one of *Lucida*'s Women, even thoſe that help'd to make the Metamorphoſis, cou'd hardly know him now.

No ſooner did the Night begin to ſpread its ſable Mantle o're that part of the Earth, but *Darbelle* haſtned to viſit *Clitie*, and coming into *Mariana*'s Chamber (who by her Lady's order waited there to receive him) but ſhe locks the Door,

Door, and run to give her Lady notice, who after she had taken her leave as decently as she cou'd of those were come to visit her, she went to *Mariana*'s Apartment.

No sooner did *Darbelle* behold her, but he fell prostrate at her Feet, and transported by the Emotions of Fear and Love, durst hardly open his mouth to speak a word; but at length after having a while kept silent (looking on her with timorous Eyes, but so full of tenderness and passion, that *Clitie* seeing him cou'd not refrain bedewing her fair Cheeks with Tears; 'Lovely *Clitie* (says he to 'her) you here behold a Criminal against 'whom both Heaven and Earth have de-'clar'd themselves, every body in this 'place have sworn my Death; but you 'alone, most charming *Clitie*, are the per-'son from whom I must learn my Desti-'ny; yes, dearest Madam, I value not all 'the rest who threaten me Death; and 'amongst all those Tempests and Dangers 'to which I am exposed, I fear none but 'your Hatred or your Anger; but (goes 'he on with Tears in his eyes) alas, my 'charming *Clitie!* what will become of 'wretched me, if you forsake me!

In

In ſpeaking theſe words, a thouſand Sighs ſtopt the paſſage of his Speech, which made him incapable of ſaying any more. And *Clitie*, during this Diſcourſe, felt ſuch a tender pity at the bottom of her Heart, that ſhe cou'd no longer ſuffer this unfortunate Lover (to whom ſhe was ſo much obliged) to continue in that deplorable Condition, told him (in ſo ſoft an Air, which was able to eleviate the moſt cruel Pains, and comfort even the moſt deſperate) 'You do me wrong, 'Darbelle, to imagine I have ſo little Honour as to abandon my Friends becauſe 'they are miſerable, eſpecially ſince I my 'ſelf am the cauſe of it; I muſt confeſs, I 'am not yet thoroughly inform'd how 'yours have hapned to you, tho I cannot 'but believe I have contributed much to 'em againſt my Will; and my Heart (in-'nocent tho it be) is already ſo touch'd 'with a ſenſe of the Guilt, that you may 'eaſily imagine that I am impatient to 'know it, and have no ſmall deſire to aſ-'ſiſt you, and render you ſuch Services as 'may (if poſſible) make you reparation 'for all thoſe Evils I have brought upon 'you.

In finiſhing theſe words ſhe obligingly preſs'd his Hand; and after *Darbelle* had re-

return'd her Thanks (with an Air and Words the moſt amorous that ever were) he told her the Conference he had with *Amaſis*, his inſolent Behaviour, and the Combat which put an end to all; he made her ſenſible he was not yet cur'd of his Wounds, he told her both the name of the place, and his Friend to whom he had retir'd, and gave her an exact account of all that hapned ſince his parting from her; but in the Relation which he made of all his unfortunate Adventures, he inſerted ſuch tender Marks of a true Love, and deliver'd all his words (with I know not what of languiſhing) ſo feelingly, that it wou'd have moved the Hearts even of the moſt inſenſible.

But *Clitie*, who was naturally of the moſt tender Diſpoſition in the World, being then in the prime of Innocence, ſuck'd in the inſinuating Poyſon of his words; for ſome ſpace after he had finiſh'd his Relation, ſhe beheld *Darbelle* with dying Eyes, and in thoſe languiſhing looks diſcovered but too much the Sentiment of her Heart; but no ſooner did ſhe perceive the ſmall Command ſhe had of her ſelf, but a certain bluſhing covered all her Face, and dyed it of a Crimſon Colour, which render'd her ſo charming, that *Darbelle*

belle was ready to expire at her Feet. 'Ah! moſt adorable *Clitie*, (cries he out) how ſhall I relate to you what I feel, when in the extremity of my Misfortunes, you raiſe me to the higheſt ſtep of happineſs? O, how much am I beholden to my Enemies, and to thoſe Accidents which ſeem to croſs my life, who baniſh me from Court, and from the Converſation of Mankind, that I may have no Diſturbance in the Thoughts of you, and who have been the means of procuring me all thoſe Tranſports of Love wherewith I am inſpir'd. Once more, moſt charming *Clitie*, give me leave to conſecrate my life to you, and to preſent you with a Heart, which tho no ways worthy of you, yet the moſt tender, and moſt paſſionate of all Hearts.

Clitie was about to anſwer when *Mariana* running to her, interrupted her, and told her that her Father was juſt come from the *Louver*, and ask'd to ſpeak with her; the Grief and Trouble that this News put her in, was yet more obliging to *Darbelle* than all that ſhe had ſaid to him; ſhe gave him an abſolute Command that he ſhou'd think of nothing but his Safety, and his Departure from the Court.

But becauſe in this firſt Interview they had reſolved of nothing of what might happen, he intreated leave to wait on her the next day about the ſame time, to which ſhe conſented.

So they parted; *Darbelle* went to the outward Gate, accompanied by *Mariana*, without being known, or ſuſpected by any, altho not a Servant in the Houſe but wou'd have known at another time. *Clitie* went to her Father, who ſhe found ſad and out of humour, (and being deſirous to be inform'd) ask'd him the reaſon why he ſeem'd ſo Melancholy? 'My Child '(ſays he) I am juſt now return'd from 'receiving the King's Orders, which much 'trouble me: It is ſtrongly reported, that '*Darbelle* is yet in ſome place hereabouts, 'and that not taking notice of the De-'cree againſt him, he has not fled from 'the Court.

'The King thinks it a point of Inju-'ſtice to let him eſcape unpuniſhed, and 'looks upon the Combat as a Crime of 'State; and (to be ſhort) if he can be 'taken, is poſitively reſolv'd he ſhall ſuf-'fer Death; he has commanded me to ſe-'cure his Perſon, a hundred Men of the 'Guards will be with me within an 'hour; and we have order to force open

'the

the Houſe of *Lycidas*, in which it is ſuppoſed he is conceal'd. Judge then, my Child (continues he) if I have any cauſe of Joy, ſince I muſt be the Inſtrument of bringing ſo vertuous a Man as *Darbelle* is to his end; one who is ſo dear to me, and one for whom I have a greater reſpect than all the Court beſides; however, his Majeſties Orders muſt be obey'd, and 'tis not in my power to avoid it.

Clitie, who was not a little ſurpriz'd at this Diſcourſe, wanted not Prudence enough to conceal it; but making an Effort upon her ſelf, told her Father, that indeed he had reaſon enough for his grief, yet nevertheleſs he ought to obey his Majeſties Commands; but withal, ſhe told him, ſhe cou'd no ways comprehend that a Perſon ſo criminal as *Darbelle* was, ſhou'd not ere this have made his Eſcape out of the Kingdom. Their Converſation laſted a little while, after which they parted; and *Clitie*, that ſhe might have the greater liberty to be alone, feigned that ſhe had the Head-ach.

Lycidas ſhe knew was the Man, at whoſe Houſe *Darbelle* had conceal'd himſelf ever ſince the Combat, inſomuch that this preſſing Accident, which ſo much threatned him, and the Danger and Difficulty

ficulty which appear'd to *Clitie* in saving him, did so extreamly surprize her, and made so deep an Impression of his Affairs in her Heart, that without any farther Consultation, she writ him this Billet.

FLy unhappy Man, fly from your Retreat, the King and your Enemies have knowledge of it, and in a very short time you will be apprehended; the few moments on which your life depends, are too too pretious to me to lose in saying any more: Use all diligence then to save your selfe, if you wou'd ever have me think you love me.

Darbelle received this Billet from *Mariana*'s hands, whom her Lady had sent with it, he was much surpriz'd at it. But the Interest which *Clitie* took in the safety of his Person, was an incitement too powerful for him to slip the least moment, and by good fortune he had not yet shifted himself out of his Woman's Cloaths, not dreaming the least of what might fall out; he was till now ruminating on nothing but the various turns his Fortune had shewn him.

'Let us fly (dear *Mariana*) says he, 'let us fly, since *Clitie* has so commanded,

'and

and the larger Intereſt ſhe has in my Heart, the more will I make it my Endeavour to preſerve it for her. In finiſhing theſe words, they both went out together; but hardly had they gone a furlong from the Houſe, but they ſaw *Clitie*'s Father at the head of a hundred arm'd men, who had already ſeized and guarded all the Avenues.

Both *Mariana* and *Darbelle* knew him a good ways off, which made them pull both their Hoods over their Faces, and to keep a little out of the way, the better to avoid the Danger.

They paſſed them without any obſtructions, but neither *Darbelle* nor *Mariana* knowing that *Clitie*'s Father had orders to apprehend him, were much ſurpriz'd to find him in this Equipage, they conſulted a while about what they ſhould do, and to reſolve to what place he ſhould retire till the hour appointed to viſit *Clitie*.

In ſhort, having well conſider'd on the matter, *Darbelle*, not daring to truſt any, conſider'd that it wou'd be very difficult to go to any place in his Woman's Habit without Diſcovery, took up a Reſolution to go directly to *Clitie*'s, and ſhut himſelf up in *Mariana*'s Chamber.

He

He accompliſh'd his deſire moſt happily, for they both got in without being perceiv'd by any; and *Mariana* immediately went to *Clitie* to give her an account of all that had paſs'd.

Clitie was extremely pleas'd at the News; for *Clitie*'s Father with the Guard, departed to apprehend *Darbelle* almoſt at the ſame time that *Mariana* was ſent to give him notice of it. In the midſt of theſe Troubles, fearing what might happen to him, ſhe endured ſtrange Tortures; but no ſooner did ſhe underſtand that *Darbelle* was ſafe arrived, but ſhe went to him to teſtifie the Joy ſhe received for his Eſcape.

'*Darbelle*, (ſays ſhe, coming up to him) I 'have deceived both my Father and the 'King to ſave your life; and 'tis no ſmall 'trouble to me that it is not in my power 'to do yet more, whereby I might teſtifie 'to you what intereſt I take in all that 'concerns you. My faireſt *Clitie* (*anſwered* Darbelle) you have had only care 'of preſerving a man who is wholly 'yours, but one who ſhall be imploy'd 'on no other account but your Service, 'and to adore you even to his Grave.

Falling on his Knees, and going to continue his Diſcourſe, *Clitie* prevented him

(ſaying

saying to him) 'Darhelle, our time is precious, and you have had a wonderful escape in this present avoiding your Ruine; it is a great Argument Heaven it self has no small interest in you, since it makes you so much its care, and works such Miracles in your behalf: abuse not therefore its goodness, but lay hold on the means it proffers you, and lose no time in making your escape out of *Paris*, where your Enemies are so well informed of all that you do.

'You cannot but be sensible, that you have been betray'd, since the King had information that you were retired to *Lycida*'s House; by very good fortune he gave his Orders for apprehending you to my Father; and (not to hold you longer) it was from him I knew the Secret, by which means I gave you timely notice. Tho now you may imagine you are safe enough, who knows what may happen? How are you sure that none has dog'd you hither? Consider therefore how miserable shall we both be, shou'd you be taken in my Father's House! My Honour and your life must be the Victims which our Enemies will sacrifice with all pleasure imaginable; therefore both for my sake and your own, I intreat

'you would not think of ſtaying any lon
'ger here, not only at Court, but in th
'Kingdom; and many times the Circum
'ſtances you lie under, become more cal
'and tranquil as they grow old; and 'ti
'not impoſſible but after ſome time,
'means may be found out in your abſenc
'to pacifie the King's Anger, and to chang
'the Face of Affairs by making the Kin
'underſtand the Truth of the matter, an
'that your Quarrel was not a ſet Duel, bu
'a Rancounter; your Friends are man
'and powerful, and I am ſure will no
'forſake you; and for my own part, I wi
'uſe all the intereſt I can, that I may ſe
'you once again at Court, and re-eſta
'bliſh'd in the King's Favour.

Darbelle having hearkned to this Di
courſe of *Clitie*'s, without interrupting he
being ſo overwhelm'd in Sorrow, that h
was incapable of ſaying one word; an
inſtead of returning her an Anſwer, ſtoo
almoſt drown'd in Tears.

Clitie added a thouſand other obligin
things to comfort him; at length *Darbe*
recollecting himſelf, uttered theſe word
but with ſo languiſhing a tone as he we
juſt departing this Life: 'O my m
'lovely *Clitie!* does your Heart acco
'with you in what you ſay on my accoun

Clit

litie, who already had resolv'd to dis-
over to him the tender Sentiments she
ad for him, and to give him all the as-
rances of Love, that might become a
erson of her Quality, Honour, and Ver-
ue: But one who still was under her Fa-
her's disposal, paused a little ere she dis-
over'd her self.

In short, this was a lucky hour for
Darbelle; for *Clitie* thought it wou'd be
ery difficult to perswade him to leave her,
ithout giving him some hopes of seeing
er again, and being happy at his re-
urn; and she fear'd, that without some
uch hopes, he might yet be guilty of
ome extravagant thing, in endeavouring
o obtain her Love, that might perhaps
ost him his Life: Having considered these
hings, add to these the Passion she felt
n Heart, which now she was no lon-
er Mistress of, she return'd him this An-
wer; 'O, *Darbelle!* how cruel are you
thus not to understand me, and appre-
hend I love? Alas, *Darbelle!* having
given you such evident Proofs already,
methinks you might have been kind to
me, and spar'd my Blushes in telling
you I love you; and perhaps (says she,
with a deep sigh) more than you love
me?

She bluſh'd in uttering theſe word and turn'd aſide her Eyes from lookin on *Darbelle*, who was ſo extaſied wi what he heard, and tranſported with th exceſs of Love and Joy, he was not c pable of returning her thanks; neverth leſs he threw himſelf at her Feet, embr cing her Knees, and kiſſing a thouſan times over her fair Hands, at laſt he bur out; 'O you great Gods! are you not e 'vious of the happineſs I have? Yes, m 'adorable *Clitie*, (goes he on) your lo 'is dearer to me than the Empire of t 'World: But, oh! not all the Words n 'Eloquence, or Wit, can e're expreſs m 'Love; and nothing but your All-charm 'ing Beauty can come in Competitio 'with it: And had I but the leaſt thoug 'that any thing cou'd change my Hear 'here I ſwear to you (my divine Saint 'that I wou'd this moment pierce the pe 'fidious thing a thouſand times befo 'your Eyes.

He made a Million of Proteſtations o an everlaſting Love; and *Clitie* gave hi an aſſurance that ſhe wou'd never mar any one but him, and that ſhe wou'd n only refuſe all ſuch who ſhould ma their amour to her, but withſtand t very Will and Command of her Fathe

ſhou

u'd he ever attempt to beſtow her on
other.

Many paſſionate Expreſſions paſs'd on
h ſides for Confirmation of their Loves
Proteſtations; after which *Clitie* com-
nded him, but with the greateſt regret
aginable, to depart the next day: they
h of 'em ſeem'd to diſolve in Tears,
the unſeaſonableneſs of the time, and
return of *Clitie*'s Father conſtrain'd a
paration.

Clitie promis'd ſhe would not fail to
it him again as ſoon as ſhe could get
ay from her Father; in the mean time
deſired him to reſolve whither he
ou'd go, that ſo they might take mea-
es of Informing each other how matters
nt, and that ſhe wou'd find ſome way
other for their eaſie and ſecret Cor-
ſpondence by Letters.

Darbelle ſighing, return'd her this An-
er; 'I am too much your Slave not to
bey you in every thing, altho' I run the
azard of my life in the Performance;
nd here I implore Heaven's Aid to give
ne power to bear my Sufferings. At
eſe words both parted, *Clitie* to viſit
r Father, who ſhe found in a more
aſant Humour than what ſhe left him

'My dearest Child (says he, looking o
'her) the poor *Darbelle* by good fortune h
'evited Death, I have not found him
'*Lycidas*'s House; the King can blam
'none but those who have given him th
'Advice; I am so well satisfied that
'met not with him, that I cannot put o
'a Disguise to the contrary, and seem
'troubled, especially since I am so we
'assured of my due performing all th
'Commands I receiv'd from his Majes
'for searching that House where they sup
pos'd he had conceal'd himself.

Clitie put on such an indifference durin
her Father's Relation, that the most nic
Observer cou'd have suspected her to hav
been a Party concern'd in the Business
Soon after her Father took Coach, to g
and acquaint the King of his Proceedings
and *Clitie* flew to visit her *Darbelle*, carry
ing with her a small Casket of Pearls an
Diamonds for him.

'*Darbelle* (says she) our Affairs ar
'now in an exceeding good Posture, an
'seeing you are resolv'd to follow my ad
'vice, I hope the Heavens will be pleased
'some time or other to compleat our Hap
'pines, lose no moment, but quickly save
'your self; here I present you with al
'my richest Jewels, which are of valu
enough

enough to assist you in whatsoever you shall stand in need of, and I make it my request you would not refuse them; for I know it is very inconvenient for you to seek for others of your own, and so great a Journey cannot but be expensive.

Darbelle was amaz'd at her Bounty, and after having return'd her a thousand thanks very obligingly; 'Clitie (says he) there is no need of any thing more than your Commands to make me leave this place, and to obey you; and nothing but the Assurance of your Love and Fidelity which can support my Life when I am absent from your fair Eyes; I love you (continues he) with too ardent a Passion to give you any longer these Apprehensions of fear, which (for your sake) make not so deep impressions on your Heart, as they do on mine.

'And since you are pleas'd so to order 'me, I will be gone by break of day; as 'for my Life it will be in no danger, the 'way that I intend to take; for I have a 'Gentleman that has been brought up 'from his Childhood with me, and one 'that has tied himself so to me, that he is 'resolv'd to share in all my Fortunes; he 'is endued with an infinite Wit and dis-

'creet Conduct, by whose means I shal
'be able to put on what Disguise I please
'till I shall arrive at some place where I
'shall have no longer cause to fear.

'It is some time since (says he) that
'I commanded him to be in a readiness to
'execute what orders I shou'd give him,
'and to be always prepar'd to follow me;
'I will give him Instructions to attend me
'at St. *Anthony*'s Gate to morrow by the
'break of day; nor will I take any other
'with me, till I shall come to the next
'great City through which I am to pass,
'where I will furnish my self with other
'Servants to wait on me, who neither
'knowing my true Name, Quality, nor
'my Business, are not liable to betray me,
'as apparently I have been already by
'some of my People, tho' I know not
'whom to accuse.

'As for Money, (most generous *Clitie*,
'says he) I have sufficient to serve me in
'my Journey, I shall not put my self to
'unnecessary Expences; the Passion that
'possesses my Heart, will inspire me with
'nothing but your Idea, and force me to
'seek out a Solitude where I may live free
'from all the noise of Pleasure, or Distur-
'bance of Delight.

'I in-

'I intend for *Italy*, where I will never rest in any place, but such, whose Shades and melancholy Silence shall be agreeable to my Humour, and to whom alone I may make my Moans, and lament your dear Absence, sacrifice all to the Griefs and Sorrows I suffer for you. After this manner, my heavenly Mistress (says he) will I employ my Hour, and spend my Days while I am banish'd from your sight; in the interim I will sollicite all my Friends and Relations by my Letters, to acquaint his Majesty of my Innocency, and give him a true Account of all my Proceedings, and (if possible) oblige him once more to give me free liberty of serving him, and the inestimable Happiness of seeing you again: O Heavens! (added he, with Tears in his Eyes) behold, my incomparable *Clitie*, what Resolutions I have taken to obey you; yet I doubt whatever Endeavours I shall make, it will not be in my power to live after I have parted with you.

Clitie hearkned to all his Discourse, and dissolving in Tears, conjur'd him again to accept of her Jewels, but he still refus'd them, and only took an enamell'd Picture of hers, which was in a Box made of an entire Emerauld, and set about with

Diamonds of an ineſtimable Price.

They agreed together to give a reciprocal Account of all the very leaſt Action of their lives; and that when *Clitie* writ to him, ſhe ſhou'd direct her Letters as he wou'd appoint her in his; and that he would direct his to *Mariana*, who would deliver them to *Clitie*: he had ſent a Note to his Gentleman (whoſe Name was *L. Rock*) to have Horſes in readineſs in ſuch a place as he had appointed him, and had received an Anſwer, that he would not fail to be there; thoſe who brought it, not knowing the Deſign, had orders to attend him at the Corner of a Street before the dawning of the day.

All things being thus order'd, *Clitie* and *Darbelle* paſſed the reſt of the Night in diſcourſing about what they had to do, both as to their Commerce by Letters, as well as the means to accommodate their Affairs, they made again a thouſand Proteſtations of Love to each other, that it ſhould laſt till Death, Sighs and Tears were their faithful Witneſſes, and in them never did two Lovers give better Teſtimonies; nor did *Darbelle* fail in the leaſt point of Reſpect to her.

It is true, that at that moment wherein they were to part, having for ſome time

me look'd upon each other without eaking the leaſt Syllable, but with Eyes e moſt eloquent in Love, and Tears and ghs a thouſand times more eloquent an Words; *Clitie* preſſing the Hand of e diſconſolate *Darbelle*, and riſing to take r leave, all full of Grief and Sorrow, nd not able to diſguiſe her Troubles; *arbelle* detaining her for a long time, did othing but kiſs her fair hand, which at ngth (as it were with a kind of Vio-nce) he let go, pronouncing and repeat-ng twice or thrice theſe words, 'You leave me, my adorable *Clitie*, and it is time that I ſhould die.

Clitie flung out of the Chamber (her Handkerchief before her weeping Eyes) and *Mariana* waited on her to her own Apartment, where *Clitie* threw her ſelf upon her Bed, pouring out a Torrent of Tears, and wanted little of pouring out her life at the ſame time. *Mariana* return'd immediately to *Darbelle*, who was no leſs afflicted, and told him that it was *Clitie*'s Orders that he ſhould forthwith be gone, and that he ought to do it, not only for the Preſervation of his own life, but the Honour and Reputation of her Miſtreſs.

At last, being over-perswaded by what *Mariana* had said to him, and fearing to disobey *Clitie*, he put off his Woman's Apparel, and dress'd himself in a riding Habit, which had been privately brought to him by the unknown Porters at the Corner of the Street; being dress'd he went to *La Rock* who waited for him with his Horses; but his Grief had so changed him, that 'tis certain he cou'd hardly know him.

The Day began to appear ere the poor afflicted Lover, accompanied only with *La Rock*, and guided by his Passion, took Horse to avoid the Displeasure of the King, and prevent the Fury and Anger of his Enemies, who had used all their Endeavours to take away his Life. He discours'd some time with *La Rock*, telling him how much he confided in him, and acquainting him, that he was the only Person that he made choice of amongst all his Servants, to partake of his good or bad Fortune; he told him in few words the Resolution he had taken to quit both the Court and Kingdom, to give time to his Friends to accommodate his Affairs; that he wou'd after a day or two take post to get to *Marseilles* as soon as he cou'd possible, from thence to pass into *Florence*,

where

where he wou'd retire himself during his Exile. In short, he chang'd his Name, and took other Servants, from whom he hid his Adventures, and they only look'd on him as a Gentleman of Quality that was travelling.

In the mean time the beautiful *Clitie* (ever since the Departure of her Lover) had so cruelly given her Heart up to all the Emotions of a tender and innocent Passion, that she was oblig'd to fain her self sick to avoid the Profers that all made her of diverting her self, and to hinder her answering all those who were daily importuning her to know the cause of her Grief.

Mariana only knew the secrets of her Heart, and left no means unattempted to comfort her; but alas! how do poor Lovers deceive themselves, when they imagine the sound of their Beloved's Name will ease their Sorrows? *Clitie*, who had no experience in these matters, took delight in nothing but to talk of her dear *Darbelle*, but in doing so, she wounded her Heart with a thousand mortal Stabbs, which became incurable; and from that moment nothing was able to ease her of that cruel Passion which she had suffer'd so strongly to possess her. The second day

of

of her Lover's Abſence, ſhe receiv'd a Letter from him, which made a little calm in her Soul which ſtood ſo much in need of it: The Letter is as follows.

IS it a Dream or a Truth (moſt divine Clitie) *that I am abſent from you? Oh, it is certainly a Dream! for were it a Truth, I ought not to have ſupported the Grief, but have died. But oh, in the mean time I cannot ſee you! to my Horror I perceive (unhappy that I am) that every ſtep I take bears me farther from your fair Eyes. But, my moſt charming Dear, you have commanded me to live and love you: Oh, how willingly wou'd I obey you! how dear is your* Idea *to me! and I ought to be content with it, if I have but rais'd the ſmalleſt Senſe of what I feel, in your dear Breaſt.*

He gave her notice alſo in his Letter, That ſhe might write to him at *Lyons*, and direct her Letter to a Perſon who was a Relation of *La Rock*'s.

Clitie took no delight but in reading this Letter, and paſſed whole days in diſcourſing *Mariana* about it; but when ſhe was a little eaſed of the Grief which his Abſence had cauſed, ſhe began to imploy her Friends to act in the behalf of the unfortunate

fortunate *Darbelle*, to re-eſtabliſh him at Court; every one was now aſſur'd by the Letters he writ, that he was out of the Kingdom, which made his Enemies leſs careful in looking after him.

In the mean time his Enemies, by underhand-dealing, were ſo powerful, and the King ſo ſet againſt him, that he would by no means ſuffer any one to ſpeak in his behalf.

The Court of *France* was at this time in the greateſt Splendor in the World, and altho' *France* had Wars with almoſt all *Europe*, her Arms had gain'd in two or three Battels, ſuch prodigious Conqueſts, that when Winter approach'd, it brought an univerſal Truce, and Sports and Delights aſſum'd again their place, with a greater magnificence than ever, and the victorious Lovers wou'd not give place to *Mars* himſelf.

Clitie, who queſtionleſs was the moſt charming Beauty of all the Court, was now in the Bloom and Spring of her Beauty, there was not a perſon of any Note or Quality, who were not enamour'd of her; and thoſe who dar'd not openly declare their Paſſion, or make their Complaints to her, made it, nevertheleſs, their buſineſs to pleaſe her with Maſques and Balls; but

but thoſe whoſe Births and Eſtates made them her *Equals*, uſed all their Endeavours to marry her.

In all places whitherſoever ſhe went, a thouſand Divertiſements purſu'd her, and augmented whereſoe're ſhe came, yet ſhe took no delight in 'em, declaring theſe glittering Pleaſures were no ways agreeable to her: But what leſs can a Lover do, when he is debarr'd telling his fair Miſtreſs his Paſſion, but to make Declaration of it by his Gallantry, by Treats, Balls, Maſques, and melodious Symphonies; and it is certain, how troubleſome ſoe're they appear'd to *Clitie*, they afforded much pleaſure to thoſe that accompanied her.

No Muſick ſo much delighted her as the ſweet Choireſters of the ſolitary Groves burden'd Heart ſought out the unfrequentedſt places ſhe cou'd find, and preferr'd the Complaints and tender Songs of ſweet *Philomel* to all other Harmony; yet do what ſhe cou'd, ſhe was forc'd to accept the melodious Conſorts which Love had inſpir'd her Adorers to preſent her with, and thereby ſometimes diverted the Current of her melancholy Thoughts.

Every one took notice, that this incomparable fair One, who was naturally

of

f a jovial Temper, now became retir'd nd ſerious; and I know not what of lan-guiſhing and tender appear'd in her Eyes, nd accompanied all her Actions after ſo greeable a manner, that it was almoſt mpoſſible to ſee her, and not to love.

Thus ſhe ſpent five or ſix Months, and none e're knew the Secrets of her Heart, or the Reſolution ſhe had taken to eſpouſe none but *Darbelle*; ſhe was daily impor-tun'd, and it is no eaſie matter to conceive the Trouble ſhe was put to, in defending her ſelf from the Solicitations of that number that ador'd her.

There was not any, tho' never ſo per-fect, in whom ſhe found not ſome defect, which ſhe ſtill us'd for excuſes to her Fa-ther; ſhe had no ſooner clear'd her ſelf of all theſe Lovers, but Fortune reſol-ving ſtill to perſecute her, rais'd up one whoſe Courtſhip and Love gave her much trouble.

It was the Prince *Lyſidor*, he was in-deed but a Stranger, yet ally'd to the Court of *France*, and preferr'd to nobleſt and chiefeſt Employments of the Kingdom; he was handſome to a Miracle, and by all look'd upon, and the moſt gallant and ac-compliſh'd Perſon of the Court: He lov'd her to that exceſs, that all fear'd it would have

have coſt him no leſs than his Life; his Paſſion was made publick to all, and none that ever ſaw him, but had matter of Diſcourſe, either concerning his Love or his Miſtreſs, the violence of his Paſſion, and his aſſiduous Addreſſes to her, freed her from all other Pretenders; nor did he miſs a day in which he ſaw her not.

He made his Court to her, and had gain'd her Father's Conſent, but by no means cou'd obtain the Daughter's; and all the Power of the Court and Kingdom ſtrove in vain to bring it about, ſhe withſtood all, and it may be truly ſaid, that never any was more conſtant and faithful than this fair One was, to what ſhe had promis'd *Darbelle*.

She was recompenc'd with the moſt endearing tender Letters that ever Love indited, which almoſt every day ſhe received from him; nor did ſhe omit to anſwer them, letting him know the very leaſt thing that paſſed. And if the Abſence of theſe two Lovers gave them unexpreſſible Sorrows, yet the daily Commerce by Letters did not a little eaſe their Sufferings.

That which moſt tormented *Clitie*, was the extraordinary Paſſion that her Beauty had inſpir'd the Heart of Prince *Lyſidor* withal,

withal, which raged ſo in him, and became ſo violent, that ſome fear'd it might raiſe in him Thoughts of ſtealing her away.

He was ſo extraordinary handſome, young, liberal, gallant, and magnificent in all things, that it may be ſaid, nothing cou'd have rais'd him any Obſtacle in the Heart of *Clitie*, but that *Darbelle* had got poſſeſſion of the place, and without doubt had ſhe been diſintereſted, none had ſooner been preferr'd amongſt her whole croud of Adorers than this Prince; but there needed no greater Bar to his happineſs, than *Darbelle*'s Love. He cou'd gain nothing on her Heart more than an Eſteem for him, which made her much concern'd at his Sufferings; ſhe told him often, and conjur'd him to think on her no more, and to give her Father no further Trouble about their Marriage, that it was utterly impoſſible for her to alter her Deſtiny, and that her Father was to her inſtead of the beſt Husband in the World.

Theſe Repulſes highly afflicted the Prince, but they wrought not their deſign'd Effect, and were no hindrance to him to love her more tenderly; and he hoped in time her cruel Reſolution might be chang'd.

His

His Merit, and the Gold which he was even profusely lavish of, in every thing that might advance his Love, had gain'd the Heart and Friendship of *Mariana*, he oblig'd her by many Presents, and left no means unassay'd to gain her Favour; for he was not ignorant she was the only person in the World to whom her Mistress intrusted her Secrets, and made her Confident; he knew they were never asunder, whether walking abroad to take the Air, visiting, or at home; they were often discoursing together, and *Clitie* and *Mariana* seem'd never to be weary of each others Company.

The particular kindness that *Clitie* had for her, was the reason which oblig'd the Prince to make her of his Friends, he imagin'd he should search into the Heart of her Mistress by gaining that of *Mariana*, he spared neither Cost nor Presents to engage her to his Interests: *Mariana* was insensibly won to it, she hearkned to his daily amorous Complaints, and promis'd to do him all the Service she was able, and (if possible) to render him one day happy with *Clitie*.

Having gain'd *Mariana*, he doubted not the success of his Amours, and assumed new hopes of one day overcoming *Clitie*'s Cruelty,

Cruelty, he acosted her with more Courage, and better Assurance than ever.

Mariana knew that *Clitie* had infinite Wit and that none in the World had a more apprehensive and piercing Judgment than she, took all possible care to conceal the Correspondence she held with the Prince, and gave him Instructions to that purpose, she would often before *Clitie* seem to be displeas'd at him, that she might not be suspected of his Party.

In the mean time *Clitie*, who conceal'd nothing from *Mariana*, discover'd to her the Sentiments she had concerning the Prince, and often told her, That his Misfortunes made her pity him, and that she was much troubl'd he should still preserve a Love for one who cou'd never make him any return, nor have any more than an Esteem for him, so long as *Darbelle* prov'd constant.

Mariana was not wanting to extol the Worth of the Prince, and put her in mind of all he had done for her; she recounted to her all his Languishings, and all the Sighs her Absence gave him, when he came to visit her, and found her not at home, and the Torrent of Tears that flow'd from his Eyes, when he was forc'd to complain of her Cruelty.

One

One day as *Clitie* seem'd more than ordinary concern'd for the Affliction of *Lysidor*, *Mariana* made an Effort to batter her Constancy, saying seriously, 'Madam, I 'believe you have much a-do to preserve 'your Heart intirely for *Darbelle*, and to de- 'fend it against the daily Assaults of the 'love of the Prince. Oh! if you had but 'heard the Complaints he made two days 'since (thinking none had been near 'him) in a close Arbour in your Garden, 'and had you seen (as I did) the Tran- 'ports that his Passion hurried him to, I 'am confident you could not but have 'pitied him. For my part (goes she on) 'who have less reason to love him than 'you, especially since I have promised *Dar-* '*belle* never to forsake his Interest, and 'daily to put you in mind of him; I swear 'to you, that being witness to the De- 'spair of this poor Prince (tho' he saw 'me not) I had not the power to avoid 'shedding Tears as fast as he; for certain- 'ly (said she to *Clitie*) it is impossible 'for him to live in the Tortures he in- 'dures for you, and that a Heart so strong- 'ly attack'd with so many Afflictions as 'his is, cannot any longer resist his 'Fate.

She

She ſpoke theſe things to the Advantage of the Prince, with ſuch Artifice and Cunning, that *Clitie*, whoſe Heart (was not made of Adamant) was capable enough of the tender Impreſſion of Love, and cou'd no longer defend it ſelf from pitying this unfortunate, whom ſhe had made ſo miſerable.

'I am even in deſpair (anſwers *Clitie*) ſince this is arrived to this pitch of 'Folly, that he muſt either marry me or 'die; for if I have ſeem'd more cruel to 'him than to many, whom I eſteem'd 'leſs, it was only to endeavour to free 'him of the unhappy Paſſion he has for 'me: I am not altogether inſenſible, and I 'acknowledge I feel a certain Compaſſion 'for him, when I behold ſuch tender and 'true Marks of his Love, as he daily gives 'me. But you know, *Mariana* (ſays ſhe) 'that nothing can diſpoſſeſs *Darbelle* of 'my Heart, my Duty and Inclination plead 'wholly for him; and it is impoſſible for 'me ever to alter; for which reaſons I am 'reſolv'd to forbid the Prince ever to ſee 'me again.

'Ah, Madam! (anſwers *Mariana*) do 'not drive him to this cruel Extremity, all 'the World knows that he has endeavour'd 'unſucceſsfully all means poſſible to ceaſe loving

'loving you, but since 'tis not to be effect-
'ed, envy him not the Consolation of dy-
'ing in your sight.

As *Clitie* and *Mariana* were thus dis-coursing, the Prince (who had before been informed of the Conversation that should be made) enter'd, he appear'd so dejected and sad, that (in short) *Clitie* was surpriz'd and *Mariana* seem'd to be so much concern'd at it, that she could not forbear pronouncing some words that made known her Astonishment.

The Prince who seeing none present with *Clitie* but *Mariana*, told her (with Tears in his Eyes) 'Alas! thou cruel fair
'One, make an end at once both of my
'Grief and Life, that I may no longer im-
'portune you; and since it is my misfor-
'tune to persecute you thus to no purpose
'let me die to make an expiation for all
'the Torment I have given you. Alas
'(pursues he) your Eyes (most Divine
'*Clitie*) are a thousand times more beauti-
'ful than the Morning, but I cannot ren-
'der them either delightful or soft to me
'what then shou'd I do with life? It is
'much better for me to expire at your
'Feet, than daily to be the Object of your
'Anger.

He

He utter'd these words with a languishing sadness, which became him so well, they wou'd have mov'd compassion in the most obdurate Heart, when a Death-like paleness cover'd all his Face, his Strength began to fail him, and he cou'd no longer keep himself from falling on the Couch whereon *Clitie* sate, just like a man expiring; *Mariana* presently skreek'd out, 'O good 'Gods! he is gone, he is dead; dear Madam (says she) say some obliging thing 'to him to recover him, if possible.

Clitie, who is certainly the most excellent of her Sex, stood not now to consult either the Love she bore *Darbelle*, or the Cruelty she had design'd to shew the Prince, she regarded nothing at present, but the lamentable Condition in which he was, and believing that unfeignedly he wou'd die, if she gave him not some Relief; 'Prince (says she) if it yet lies in 'your Power, have more regard to a life 'so valuable as yours, and give not up 'your self, as you do, to an unparallel'd 'despair; for be assur'd I have not the 'least unkindness for you, and if I have 'not answer'd your Love in all Respects, 'it is because the Heavens have other 'ways decreed it: I am so far from seeking your Death, that I wish nothing more

'than that you may live, which by a
'the power you say I have over you,
'charge you to obey. After these word
which gave a little Comfort to him, he be
gan to lift himself up.

The Prince being come to himself a
gain, wou'd have return'd her Thank
for what she had said to him, but *Cli*
reflecting on what her Compassion ha
made her utter, fearing it would but aug
ment his Passion, went out of the Roo
angry with her self, leaving the Prin
with *Mariana*, who pretended to stay
while with him, to prevent any extrav
gant thing his Despair might cause him
do, which might be more troublesome
Clitie, tho her Design was only to di
course with him, and to make a favou
able Construction of her last obligi
words, to the Prince's Advantage.

Mariana no sooner came into *Clitie*'s pr
sence, but she feign'd new Stories of t
Ravings, Sighings, Lamentations, a
Tears of the poor afflicted Prince, and t
great pains and difficulty she had to rec
ver him after *Clitie* had parted from hi
nor did she leave any thing unsaid th
might touch her Heart in favour of t
Prince.

But *Clitie*'s Constancy and Fidel
wo

ou'd admit in her a love for none but
r *Darbelle*, his Merit, the many Obliga-
ons that she had had from him, and those
ciprocal Promises, and mutual Vows
ey had made eternally to love each o-
er, still possess'd her Memory, and no less
r Heart; besides she daily receiv'd from
m such passionate and tender Letters, and
full of Wit and Judgment, that they
one wou'd have been potent enough to
ve defended him against all his Rivals.
At length by little and little, the Prin-
's Presents, his Solicitations, and the
omises he daily made *Mariana*, that she
ou'd share with him in all his good For-
ne, quite corrupted her, and gained her
holly to his side; she now forgets all
e had promised *Darbelle*, and all the Du-
she ow'd to *Clitie*, and not considering
e fatal Consequence this horrid Perfidy
ight cause, discover'd to the Prince all
eir Secrets, and assur'd the Prince, that
litie lov'd *Darbelle* even to death; and
at that was the occasion of the Quarrel
tween him and *Amasis*, and that he had
t left her, but by her Command; and
ter she had given him a thousand Assu-
nces to love him to her Grave, and to
arry him as soon as their Affairs were in
Condition to admit it; that no Day

ſcarcely paſſed wherein *Clitie* had not
Letter from him; and that ſhe as oft
ſent him Anſwers, (and to be ſhort) th
Darbelle was the only hinderance of h
happineſs, and that ſhe had cauſe to
confidently aſſur'd, that nothing but th
Pre-ingagement cou'd hinder her from
ving him, and that his Perſon and A
dreſſes had nothing in 'em, but what w
advantageous and agreeable, did not t
conſideration of the Love ſhe had to *Da*
belle interpoſe.

This Relation of *Mariana*'s ſtrange
ſurpriz'd the Prince, and ſenſibly afflict
him; he was ſo amaz'd at it, that it w
ſome time ere he came to himſelf, and d
clar'd he had rather the Rigours and Cr
elty of *Clitie* had ſprung from a hatred
his own Perſon, than from the love
had for *Darbelle*; he forgot not to retu
Mariana a thouſand Thanks for the F
vours and good Offices ſhe had done hi
in diſcovering to him ſuch important S
crets from which he hop'd to reap gre
Advantage: They ſwore a mutual Amit
nor did they part before he had bountifu
ly rewarded her for what ſhe had done f
him; he pull'd off his Finger a Diamo
Ring of great Value, which he preſente
to her; and having embrac'd her, he co
ju

'd her never to forſake him, aſſuring
that ſhould not be his laſt Preſent:
deſir'd him to come to her the next
at an hour when ſhe was confident
itie wou'd not be at home, that they
ght farther conſult what meaſures to
e in order to the ſupplanting of *Dar-*
le, and by ſome means or other to en-
ge her to love the Prince.

Thus then they parted, after having
ven each other a thouſand Promiſes of
delity and Amity; *Mariana* fail'd not
go immediately to her Miſtreſs; and
better to diſguiſe her Proceedings, ſhe
d her, That now ſhe was indeed wor-
to be belov'd; ſhe prais'd the Grandeur
herSoul,and admir'd theConſtancy of her
art,who had ſo reſolutely and rigorouſly
iſted the Efforts of the moſt powerful
d ſincere Lover in the World; ſhe ſeem'd
put her in ſome way or other of repul-
g the Prince, and to prevent his daily
its: In ſhort, ſhe ſo well played the
pocrite, that *Clitie* confided more in
r now than ever ſhe had done.

She receiv'd not one Letter from *Dar-*
le, that *Mariana* ſhew'd not to the
ince, and indeed almoſt all thoſe that
itie had writ in anſwer to 'em: This
rfidious Woman ſlipt not the leaſt oc-

casion of deceiving *Clitie*, and serving t
Prince, and it would be difficult to d
stinguish between the Fidelity that *Cli*
had for *Darbelle*, and that which *Mari*
na had for the Prince.

The day following *Lysidor* fail'd not t
visit *Mariana* at the hour appointed, n
did she forget to tell him all that she h
learn'd from *Clitie*, she discover'd to hi
all that *Darbelle* had writ to her, and wh
she had writ to him by way of Answe
and tho' the Entertainment was as a bitt
Poison to the Prince, yet he made her r
peat the same things over and over a hu
dred times.

Their Conversation ended as the r
had done, in Presents and Protestatio
to be true and faithful. It is true, wh
the Prince had seriously considered eve
Transaction, he found his Affairs wi
his Mistress were but in a lamentable Co
dition, and he despair'd, do what he cou
ever to gain her Heart; he took a Res
lution of leaving her, and no more
trouble these two Lovers, in passion, whi
to him seem'd so just, and ought to be a
plauded by all vertuous People; no soon
did his Reason break through and dissipa
those Clouds that did obscure his Glo
but he was possess'd with a mortal Ave
sio

ion for *Mariana*, and all her Treachery eem'd odious to him; (and no doubt but he Soul of this Prince was so great and glorious, that it was impossible to make greater Efforts than he made to reduce his Heart from so unfortunate a love) he intended no farther to engage her in his Business, and cou'd not have good thoughts of one who had so treacherously abus'd her Mistress: Now it was that his Eyes being open'd, he was sensible of the Deformity of *Mariana*'s Actions, that he had not any room in his Heart, but what was possess'd with Rage and Anger against her, he purpos'd forthwith to discover to *Clitie* what a Snake she had harbour'd in her Bosome, and to tell her all that *Mariana* had made known to him.

One day when Glory seem'd to have the only sway of his Heart, and to have got the Ascendancy o're Love by the Endeavours he had made, he went to find out *Clitie*, with a Resolution to ask her pardon for all the Troubles and Anxities he had given her, and to inform her of all that he knew of *Mariana*.

Having that day found her alone, as she was gathering Jessimine-flowers in a Terrase-walke before the Windows of her Apartment, (he says to her with a cheer-

fulneſs more than uſual) ‘ Fair *Clitie*
‘ wonder not (I pray you) that I pre
‘ ſume this day to ſpeak to you with more
‘ Aſſurance than formerly I have done
‘ ſince I am perſwaded the buſineſs I now
‘ come to diſcourſe to you of, will be more
‘ agreeable to you, than any I have yet
‘ ſpoke to you of ſince the firſt minute I
‘ had the happineſs to ſee you.

‘ Know then, (purſues he) Madam, I
‘ am come to throw my ſelf at your Feet,
‘ and implore a forgiveneſs of all that your
‘ fair Eyes and my Paſſion have forc'd me
‘ ſo often to ſay to you againſt your Ap-
‘ probation: In ſhort, moſt beautiful *Cli-*
‘ *tie*, I am reſolv'd to leave you wholly to
‘ your own Diſpoſal, and deſire no grea-
‘ ter Favour than to be reckon'd amongſt
‘ your Friends, ſince I ſee it is impoſſible
‘ for you to love me as I wou'd have you,
‘ or for you ever to make me happy; I am
‘ ſenſible of the Violence I ſhou'd offer
‘ you, ſhou'd I perſecute you any longer;
‘ and all that my Ambition craves, that you
‘ wou'd ſuffer me to adore and honour
‘ you above all others, and from this time
‘ I promiſe you no more to entertain you
‘ with any diſcourſe of my love.

Clitie was ſo ſurpriz'd to hear him ſay this, that at firſt ſhe gave no credit to his words,

words, but imagin'd it some amorous Stratagem; but at last he assur'd her of the Truth, and wiping away all Suspicion, she look'd upon him as a Person infinitely obliging and vertuous.

'Can it be (answer'd she) that what you tell me now is Truth? then have you made me happy, and I will ever allow you the same place in my Amity that you have already in my Esteem; for now I will no longer hide from you, that I was driven even to despair, that I have made you endure so much Inquietude, which I knew not how to redress; but (continued she,) I never was more sensible of any thing than the Cruelty of your Destiny, which had ordain'd a Person of your Merits and Vertues, to sue to one so incapable of making you any Returns as I; but since you only desire I shou'd look on you as a Friend, be assur'd I esteem you as my best.

The Prince return'd her Thanks, adding a thousand other obliging things, and spent the rest of that Visit with an Air seemingly full of Content and Satisfaction; he thought it not convenient yet to discover the Intelligence between him and *Mariana*, fearing it might put her out

of humour, therefore he left that to some more proper season.

Thus he parted from her, with an intention of being only her Friend, and no more to trouble her with his Love; but in a short time after his Passion, which seem'd to be a Sleep, rouses it self again in his Heart, and made him apprehend that a Friendship only with *Clitie*, wou'd but make him more miserable; and being her Friend, he had now no more hopes for Love, but must for ever live tormented with Despair: 'What (says he) my 'Heart! wou'd you no longer love *Clitie*! 'What then unhappy thing wilt thou do? 'Perhaps thou wilt shortly see her in ano-'thers Arms, whilst thou hast no preten-'sion but to Friendship; that's to say, 'thou must be pleas'd to see her with thy 'Rival, and rejoyce in the soft Tenders of 'their Loves, which none but they must 'injoy: O God! (cry'd he out) 'how cou'd I ever think, when this shall 'happen, that I can look on without re-'signing up my life! No, no, *Clitie*, it is 'impossible but I must still love you, love 'more than all my Rivals put together, 'and I will dispute with them, your heart 'to the last gasp. He walked hastily a-

bout his Chamber in pronouncing these last words, just as *Mariana* entred, who was so alarm'd at her Mistress's telling her the Prince no longer lov'd her, that she cou'd not rest till she came to learn the Truth of it from himself.

The Prince, after having understood the Subject of her Visit, found he was no longer in a Condition of being her Friend only, but on the contrary, that he was a thousand times more enamour'd of her now than ever, thought it convenient not to let her know the weakness he had been guilty of, and disguis'd from her the Truth, fearing that *Mariana* wou'd no more make him her Confident, and that she wou'd not so freely disclose the Secrets of *Clitie*, as formerly she had done.

'Is it possible, my dear *Mariana* (says 'he, composing himself the best he cou'd) 'that you shou'd believe I cou'd live one 'moment without loving *Clitie*? And do 'you not apprehend all that she has told 'you of my yesterdays Visit to be but a 'Love-mystery, whereby I flatter my self 'to make some advantage? Ah, *Mariana!* '(goes he on) be confident that my Love 'and Life are too inseparable to be ever 'sundred, and there is nothing so dear to 'me I will not sacrifice to my Passion.

Mari-

Mariana eaſily believed all he ſaid, and was glad to hear him ſpeak after this manner, ſhe flatter'd him in his Attempts, and aſſur'd him ſhe wou'd never forſake his Intereſt: They had many other Diſcourſes in which they continued ſome time, concluding that before *Clitie* ſhou'd be undeceiv'd concerning what ſhe believ'd of the Prince, and that it was neceſſary to keep her in the ſame opinion, the better to bring about their Deſigns.

He the ſame day compoſes a Song, which he had ſo order'd, that it ſhould be given to *Clitie* as a piece of new Gallantry, wherein none cou'd have gueſs'd either of them concerned, though at the ſame time he did not queſtion but when *Clitie* ſaw it, ſhe would find a perfect deſcription of the laſt Converſation that ſhe had with him, and cou'd not fail to gueſs both the Author and his Intentions. The Song is as follows.

SONG.

(1)

TO hold the firſt Rank amongſt all the Friends
Of a Beauty, whom all do admire,

Is

ſhort of attaining the Lovers chief ends,
And does but inflame his deſire;
Phillis *decrees me no better a State,*
d I muſt ſit down content with my Fate.

(2)

behold the ſoft Object, created my Grief
To ſuffer a wrack, under Friendſhips diſ-
guiſe,
endure all this ſmart, without hopes of
Relief,
And ſtill to be ſtabb'd by her cruel fair eyes.
Phillis *the doom I'm ſentenc'd to bear,*
d ever to love, yet ever deſpair?

(3)

hat Riddles are theſe, O you powers of love!
That Tortures ſhou'd ſpring from a Foun-
tain of Joy?
d all that ſhou'd pleaſe me, my Torments
do prove,
And the ſweeteſt delights my Bliſs do de-
ſtroy.
Phillis! *to live, and not to enjoy,*
ſurely the cruelest way to deſtroy.

(4)

But the pleaſures of ſeeing her, tho' as
Friend,
Do cure the ſad Wounds her Eyes do create,
'Twixt curing and killing my life has no end
And to love without hope is doom'd my
ſad Fate.
Yet 'tis better to ſerve her in Torments and
Pain,
Than never to ſee my dear Phillis *again.*

This Song was given to *Clitie* at a Ball the next day after the Conference ſhe had with the Prince; ſhe had no ſooner read it, but reflecting on the laſt Stanza, ſhe became exceeding troubled; it appear'd to her that all that the Prince had ſaid to her, was ſo lively repreſented in the Song that ſhe cou'd not imagine but 'twas he that made it; and what confirm'd her in this Opinion, was, That ſhe ſurpriz'd him looking on her with great earneſtneſs nor did he take his Eyes once off of her all the time ſhe was reading it, which made her often change Colour. The Prince was not a little pleas'd that *Clitie* had gueſs'd the matter right: And ſhe found ſuch Appearances and Informations in the

Song

Song; touching their last Discourse, that being of a genuine Wit, and quick Apprehension, that she doubted no longer who was the Author; nor indeed was it probable that a Love so great as that of the Prince's, shou'd be so easily and suddenly chang'd into Friendship, without some further Design. But *Clitie* reflected no more on the matter, which now she had not the least doubt of, for she soon understood from whom it came; she was inform'd that a merry Lady, out of a frolick humour, wou'd have pick'd the Prince's Watch out of his Pocket, unknown to him, in drawing out the Watch, the Song fell to the ground, which when she had taken up and read, she gave it to the rest of the Company ere he perceiv'd it.

But the business rested not here, for the Prince having taken out *Clitie* to dance, desir'd to know of her what Paper that was she was reading but now; 'It is '(says she) only a little Forgery that 'some Man of Wit had made to oblige 'some of his Friends.

'What you say, (replies the Prince to 'her) fair *Clitie*, raises a curiosity in me. They had not opportunity of saying any more, considering the place, and what they were about, oblig'd them rather to dance, than

than to enter into a Conference: the truth is, they danc'd together, becauſe they cou'd not now avoid it, but any one might have perceiv'd it was not with that exactneſs as it ought, it being the leaſt thing they thought of.

After *Clitie* had ſeated her ſelf in her place, the Prince came to her, and told her ſhe had raiſed a Curioſity in him of what ſhe had told him concerning a Forgery ſhe ſpoke of, that he had an earneſt deſire to ſee the Paper ſhe had read, if it were not a Crime to deſire it of her: ſhe told him it was not a Secret, and that ſhe was one of the laſt that had read it; and without further heſitation, gave him the Song; (which he had taken care before to be writ in a Hand different from his own) he read it, but ſeem'd then to take little notice of it: but a while after addreſſing himſelf to *Clitie*; 'Madam (ſays he) how 'much I pity this unfortunate, and how 'lamentable is his Condition! I know not '(ſays ſhe) what you may do, but I 'ſhou'd not much pity him, were what 'he ſays, a Truth, ſince 'twas only what 'himſelf had conſented to. In the hu-'mour you are of (anſwers the Prince, 'with ſighing) I believe there is ſcarce 'any body in the World that cou'd oblige you

'you to commiſerate their Troubles: You 'take too much pleaſure (goes he on) in 'the Sufferings of thoſe that adore you, to 'ſeek out any Remedy for them, tho' it 'would coſt you but a word's ſpeaking: 'But pray, Madam, wherefore ſhou'd a 'poor Lover, who had made all the Efforts 'he was able, to become only a Friend to 'his Miſtreſs, and made it his whole care 'and ſtudy to effect it, appear ſo criminal 'before you? It is becauſe (replies ſhe 'briskly) that no honeſt man promiſes 'any thing which he does not performe; 'and if it lies not in his power to do it, he 'ought to order the matter ſo, that his 'Misfortunes trouble none but himſelf.

Clitie bluſh'd in returning this Anſwer, and all the reſt of the Evening ſhe ſo order'd it, that the Prince cou'd have no particular Diſcourſe with her. The Ball being done, each return'd to their reſpective homes; but *Clitie* and the Prince were extreamly troubled, ſince ſhe no longer doubted but the Prince was ſtill as amorous as ever, and that he would not deſiſt importuning her, as he had already done. The Prince, for his part, cou'd draw no favourable Conſtruction of *Clitie*'s Diſcourſe, and her manner of delivering it.

He

He cou'd no longer defer the knowing the true Condition in which he ſtood with her; the next Morning writ to her Woman *Mariana*, and begged her to let him know (for he was impatient till he did) how the caſe ſtood with him and her Miſtreſs. She return'd him in anſwer, That when *Clitie* was return'd from the Ball, ſhe did nothing but weep and ſigh, ſaying, No Misfortune ever cou'd compare with hers, and that ſhe plainly perceiv'd the Prince was ſtill as paſſionate as ever, and that he only rallied with her, when he only deſir'd to become her Friend.

Mariana advis'd him to be firm in his Reſolution, and to loſe no time in his Endeavours to mollifie her; and that he ſhou'd not fail to give her a Viſit the ſame day; and that ſhe for her part, wou'd with all her power be aſſiſtant to him, in rendring him again in her Favour.

The Prince receiv'd this News with much trouble, and to encreaſe his Miſery, he felt his love for *Clitie* renew after ſuch a manner, that it was able to put him upon doing all the extravagant things imaginable, maugre the Grandeur of his Soul, which at any other time bounded it ſelf in the limits of Glory: He went the ſame day to wait on her, whom he found

all

all alone much troubled and melancholy.

'I come (says he, going up towards 'her) Madam, to learn of you, why you 'gave me that hard Treatment last Night, 'and wherefore I have so soon lost the 'happiness of being of the best of your 'Friends; if it is so that I am not of that 'number, I will no longer afflict my self 'with your cruel Indifference. You ought 'rather to wonder (answers she) that I 'should still admit your Visits, after you 'have abused all those kind Sentiments 'and good Opinions I had of you; but 'hereafter I shall be more cautious, and 'less reduable to you for 'em. It will be 'difficult to effect it, (replies the Prince) 'for a man so lost in love, as I am, can ne-'ver do too much to defend himself a-'gainst the Cruelties of his Mistress. What! '(replies *Clitie*, interrupting him) do 'you so daringly tell me you love, and 'not believe you offend me? Happen 'what will (replies the Prince) I must 'confess I am a thousand times more a-'morous than ever; and since I have used 'all means possible to dissipate my Pas-'sion yet in vain, it is most likely I 'shall continue so to my latest Breath: As 'for what you threaten me with, I am al-

ready

'ready ſo loaden with Misfortunes and 'Miſeries, that I cannot fear any new ones; 'and all the power you have over me can 'never render me more wretched than I 'am. It is true (continues he) that be-'ing quite wearied with ſuffering Woes 'incredible, I thought to have made ex-'change of Love for that of Friendſhip; 'and no ſooner had I reſolv'd it, but I told 'you of it; but if I have been deceiv'd, '(cruel *Clitie*) is it my fault or your own? 'for I have not the power to ſee you, but 'I muſt love you.

In finiſhing theſe words, a Flood of Tears fell from his Eyes, and *Clitie* (all enrag'd as ſhe was) cou'd not avoid anſwering his Tears with her own, who were as ſo many Witneſſes that her Heart was touch'd with Compaſſion.

But what was moſt ſtrange, (ſhe having a thouſand bitter things to reproach him with, and wou'd never have permitted him to come into her Chamber, but that ſhe reſolv'd to forbid him ſeeing her any more) when ſhe heard him ſpeak in that manner, with ſuch a profound ſubmiſſion, and unparallel'd reſpect, and with ſo ſincere and tranſcending Paſſion, ſhe had not the power to execute what ſhe intended: And (altring her tone) 'You

'wou'd,

'wou'd, Prince (ſays ſhe to him) wear 'out my life by importuning me daily, as 'you do, ſince all will be in vain; and I 'muſt ingeniouſly declare to you, my Heart 'can never be in a capacity to receive your 'Love. I hope not ſo (replies the Prince) 'yet, moſt adorable *Clitie*, I ſhall never 'leave ſerving you; and for all, ask no 'other Reward, but the liberty of ſeeing 'you, and paying my Adorations to your 'fair Eyes; which he ſpoke with ſo profound, ſo true, and ſo ardent a Paſſion, that none cou'd have defended their Hearts, but ſuch who had the Conſtancy of *Clitie*.

He us'd all his Endeavours during the reſt of their Converſation, to reduce her to Reaſon; at laſt ſhe was perſwaded that his Paſſion was rather an Inchantation than any thing elſe, and that it was an Evil that wou'd admit no Cure: and ſhe laid down to him the Bounds and Limits that a diſintereſted Love ought to reſpect.

As unfortunate as the Prince was, he was well ſatisfied with this Viſit; he found a goodneſs in the Heart of *Clitie* that always afforded him ſome Conſolation, if it cou'd not produce him any hopes. *Mariana* (on her part) ſeeing matters ſo well accom-

accommodated, was not a little pleas'd; she still resolv'd to make the Prince continue his Suit; she was not so much concern'd whether it succeeded or no, so that he still continued to court *Clitie*.

Darbelle hitherto was not every way betray'd by *Mariana*, that is to say, his Letters were daily deliver'd to *Clitie*, and *Clitie*'s as duly given to him; but seeing that whenever *Clitie* receiv'd News from her Lover, she became more inexorable to the Prince; she resolv'd to push her falsehood home, and to pretend hereafter she did not so often receive Letters from him, nor did she fail daily to instil the Poyson of her Malice into the Heart of *Clitie*, by complaining of *Darbelle*'s silence; by which she gave her unspeakable Disquiets, and branded him every minute with a thousand Reproaches for his negligence: *Clitie* stood not in need of any help to aggrivate the Impatience she had to hear from him, a Love like hers furnish'd her with means sufficient to afflict her self withal.

The Prince (on the other side) lived after his usual rate, shewing a thousand marks of Love and Respect to *Clitie*; and since he saw she wou'd not become more mild to him, he had some satisfaction to

hink

think that his Rival was not less miserable. After a while *Mariana* kept up all the Letters that *Darbelle* sent to *Clitie*; but as one Misery still follows the Heels of another, and that Lovers are always more ingenious than other persons in doing ill Offices to their Rivals, the Prince and *Mariana* resolve wholly to break off all Correspondence between *Clitie* and *Darbelle*, and hereafter to conceal all their Letters.

This cou'd not but highly please the Prince, and it was as duly perform'd; and from that time *Clitie* receiv'd no more of *Darbelle*'s Letters, nor he of hers; for *Mariana*, to whom they were directed, receiv'd them without so much as giving her one. This Treachery was cruel enough of giving the Prince infinite Satisfaction, and the greatest Pleasure imaginable to see the sad Complaints wherewith each Letter was charg'd; and the unfortunate *Darbelle* being a long time without hearing any News from *Clitie*, was cast into a most lamentable Affliction.

Darbelle knew not what Construction to make of her silence. Sometimes he wou'd suspect that she was chang'd, and false; sometimes that she was either dead, or extreamly sick; for he thought certainly

ly were she not dead, or false, it cou'd not be but she wou'd have writ to him: again, he found that the last Letters she sent were in a stile most soft and kind, giving him an exact account of her Life, that he could not apprehend that she who made such a shew of Love to him, as *Clitie* did, cou'd so soon fall from one extream to another. All these things render'd him unspeakably uneasie, and left him in a perplexing Incertitude. But if *Darbelle* was so much troubled, *Clitie*, who they had so cruelly betray'd, was not less afflicted, and of the two, was the most unhappy, since *Mariana* who shou'd have been her sole Comforter, made her much worse, that she might better prepare the Poison she making her take; she daily pretended to have heard News from *Darbelle*, which extreamly tormented *Clitie*, and altho' till now she had never been the Messenger of ill News to her; yet with Tears in her Eyes, and Venom in her Heart, she told her 'twas the common Talk that he was married in *Florence* to a Lady of great Qualit, with whom he had been extreamly in love ever since he arriv'd there, and that he was advanc'd to considerable Emploiments by the Duke of *Tuscany*, who was extreamly kind to him, and told her

her withal, That he had ſent orders into *France* for ſelling his Eſtate, and that he never intended to return home again.

Theſe things being aſſur'd to *Clitie* by a perſon in whom ſhe had plac'd all her confidence, together with the ſilence of the unfortunate *Darbelle*, wrought ſuch effects in her Heart, as are not to be conceiv'd: and none but a Heart ſo hard as *Mariana*'s cou'd be inſenſible of Pity to all her Complaints and Tears, which was all the miſerable Remedy ſhe had recourſe to, but all in vain.

One day when her Sorrows had made her almoſt expire in *Mariana*'s Arms, having told her that now ſhe doubted no longer but he had blotted her quite from his Memory, for another who he had planted in her ſtead; and that all that had been reported of him was Truth; ſhe vow'd never to be reconcil'd to her ſelf for loving ſo ungrateful a Perſon; ſhe proteſted ſolemnly, ſhe ſhould have been leſs troubled at the news of his Death, than that of his Marriage and Inconſtancy.

Theſe laſt words (which *Mariana* mark'd well, and which *Clitie* was always ſounding) afforded her new matter, and means of promoting the Prince's Affairs, and utterly deſtroying *Darbelle*'s; ſhe be-

thought her then, that to accompliſh he undertaking, ſhe had nothing to do bu to eſtabliſh *Clitie* in the Opinion of hi Falſhood, (which ſhe already began t credit) and after to ſpread abroad a Ru mour of his Death; and then when thing were brought to this point, *Clitie* ima gining her ſelf to be injur'd by him, wou take from him perhaps not only the E ſteem ſhe had for him, but her love: an then ſhe doubted not to bring about th Marriage of the Prince, for ſhe knew ſh had no averſion to him, and that he wa the only perſon in all the Court who lov her with ſuch reſpect and ſubmiſſion, tha in gratitude ſhe ought to make him ſom return.

It is certain there was no hindrance bu the Love ſhe bore *Darbelle*, which *Mari na* promis'd to remove, that it might n longer impede the Prince's Happineſs, wh (on the other ſide) ſeeing the fortuna Succeſs that this Maid, in all Appearanc might work for him, having a fair Pro ſpect of once enjoying *Clitie*, againſt h natural goodneſs and honeſty, conſente to the Cheat.

He fail'd not to give her many thank for her care, nor did he ever forget t make her large Recompences to oblige h

to be mindful of all occaſions for his Advantage. The poor *Clitie* thus betray'd and loaden with Grief and Sorrows, fell into a deſperate fit of Sickneſs; for now ſhe no longer doubted *Darbelle*'s Infidelity, which was more ſtrongly confirm'd by an unlucky accident, equally unfortunate to both Lovers: For *Darbelle* having been ſome time without receiving any Letters from *Clitie*, fell into ſo deep a Melancholy that his Troubles would not permit him to write either to any one at Court, or to his Friends about his Buſineſs; for he had abandoned himſelf wholly to his Griefs, that every body in *France* at the ſame time began to complain of his Silence, and all at once to accuſe him of the ſame Crime.

The Report (which went currant) of his new Amours and his Marriage (by the under-hand dealing of the Prince, and the management of *Mariana*) gain'd belief in moſt people; but all this concern'd none, nor wrong'd any but *Clitie*, who with the thoughts of it almoſt dyed. It is true, that *Mariana* did her beſt to comfort her in her Sickneſs, in telling her ſhe was too conſtant, and afflicted her ſelf too much for ſo ungrateful a man; ſhe intreated her to give truce to Sorrows and

Tears, and not daily to add fresh ones to 'em, as she did, since *Darbelle* was rioting in the height of Joy and Pleasure, and no longer mindful of her or his Vowes, gave all those Tenders, and soft Embraces to another, which he had only promis'd shou'd be hers.

These Reasons were but weak Consolation to *Clitie*, but above all, the Anguish that possess'd her Heart, to think she was deceiv'd by an Ingrate, for whose sake she had withstood so many Assaults, counsell'd her at the same time to abandon him, and fit him in his kind: But the Idea of this Lover (once so faithful) presented it self to her always, and disjointed all the Resolutions her Reason or her Anger cou'd propose.

The Memory of her lovely *Darbelle* still haunted her, and she cou'd not think of those Tears he had so often showr'd down at her Feet, without taking his part, even against her self; nor cou'd all that was daily said to her of him, make her believe he was yet inconstant.

The suspence in which she was, seem'd to aggravate her Miseries; cou'd she have really thought *Darbelle* no longer lov'd her, Grief wou'd put an end to her life; or were she certain of his Falshood, the Assistance

ſiſtance and Helps she received from every body by their Cares and Conſolations might in time eaſe her Sufferings; but in the plight in which she was now, ever felt ſuch Grief and Afflictions as the unfortunate *Clitie*.

In the mean time the Prince and *Mariana* made Advantages of all that happen'd, and ceas'd not day and night to confirm her in a belief of the only thing in the whole World that had the leaſt truth in it, and was the moſt injurious for her.

The End of the firſt Part.

CLITIE,
A
NOVEL.

PART II.

THE Prince had ſo well by underhand Practice, ſpread through all the Court, that *Darbelle* was married to a perſon of great Quality in *Florence*, whom he intirely lov'd ever ſince his arrival in that Country, that at laſt there was no more room left for Doubt, and every one talk'd of it as a thing moſt certain. *Clitie* cou'd no longer take the part of one whom ſhe deem'd ſo unworthy her Affections, began to hate him now more than before ſhe had lov'd him.

It is certain she did it not without suffering inconceivable Perplexities; she cou'd no longer abide at Court: the constraint she lay under to appear as she us'd, *viz.* making and receiving Visits, and being obliged every day to the Company of such who made Pleasure their business, (who are inseparable from a Court) had reduced her to a very low Condition, she became so alter'd that it was difficult to know her; for which reason she resolv'd to pass away some time at her House in the Countrey, where she might have more liberty; she doubted not but there she shou'd soon blot *Darbelle* out of her Memory, or at least have more freedom to make her Complaints of his Falshood, and to take more pleasure in the Hatred she had conceiv'd against him. *Mariana* fail'd not to follow her; and the more to aggravate her Resentments for *Darbelle*, she never nam'd him without cursing his person, and forgot nothing that might make him appear more criminal, urging still the Obligations he had to *Clitie*, and the Punishment he merited.

What, (wou'd she be continually saying to her Mistress) cou'd not this false man for a little time resist the Charms of one Woman, when you for him have contemn'd

temn'd so many gallant men at Court, and scorn'd so many Lords?

Is it possible (continues she) that his inhuman Heart cou'd be so false, so soon as he once was out of your sight, to forget your Beauty, Merit, and all that you have done for him? What Punishment can he think he deserves not? And wherefore shou'd you (for the Fault he has committed, and for her whom he has marry'd) never return to Court again, and use your utmost power to revenge your self? Sometimes she counsell'd her to employ all her Friends utterly to destroy him, and to declare a thousand injurious things against him, that he might go no where where he might not hear of it, and know that you have no longer an Esteem for him.

These cruel Discourses of *Mariana* seem'd to indulge *Clitie* in her present Condition, and she cou'd not but hearken to the Railings and Revilings against a man who she imagin'd had so cruelly abus'd her.

The Prince who wanted no information of all that pass'd in *Clitie*'s Heart, seem'd far more concern'd and troubl'd for her than ever, and more to bewail her absence than any other; he sent to enquire

after her health every day, and fain wou'd have gone himself to see her.

But *Clitie*, who was now possess'd with a mortal Hatred against Mankind in general, wou'd not suffer any Visit, and whatever he endeavoured to that effect, was all in vain; she sent word she wou'd see no body, and that nothing cou'd be more offensive or injurious to her, than to press her any farther.

This Resolution wou'd not have been very pleasing to *Lysidor*, had he not known the cause of it; and he thought it no difficult matter (since by *Mariana*'s Care and Management she was brought about to hate *Darbelle*) to make her in time change the Resolution she had taken to seclude her self from the World, and to perswade her to come again to Court.

It is certain, that considering the great and violent Passion he had for her, he cou'd hardly endure being so long absent from seeing her. But *Mariana* (to deserve the Rewards he had made her hope) forgot nothing that might ease him; she promis'd to order things so that he, himself, by her means, shou'd be a Witness of the obliging things which *Clitie* continually pronounced against *Darbelle*.

The matter was not hard to compaſs, for *Clitie* had but few Attendance with her in the Countrey, ſo that *Mariana* with eaſe found out a way to get him in unſeen, and hide him in her Chamber where *Clitie* commonly paſs'd moſt part of the day in reproaching, and vowing an eternal Averſion againſt the Infidelity of *Darbelle*, and that she never wou'd forgive him.

A while after it ſo fell out, that *Clitie*'s Father fell ſick of a dangerous Feaver, which oblig'd his Daughter to quit her Solitude, to come and attend him. This Conjuncture ſo far was favourable enough to her; for during the time of her Father's Sickneſs, none wondred to ſee her afflicted and ſad; but all things have their change, and at length her Father recover'd his Health again, and *Clitie* maugre the Condition in which she was, was forc'd to open her Eyes, and look upon her old Acquaintance, and was oblig'd to live at Court after the ſame manner she formerly had done, but always with an Aire altogether melancholy, notwithſtanding all the endeavours that were us'd to divert her, cou'd not perſwade her to be leſs ſad.

The time that she had been in the Countrey seem'd to have given her new Charms, and to have made her more amiable; every one thought it a happiness but to talk with her, and divert her; and the Prince more in love now than ever, was not a little pleas'd to see his Affairs go so well forward.

He doubled his Cares and Addresses to her, and appear'd yet more magnificent than before; he spar'd for no Charges, he made Treats and Feasts that surpass'd all that ever were made, which pleaded so advantagiously in his Favour to his Mistress, that he had no cause to repent it.

Mariana (on the other side) apply'd the matter home, talking to *Clitie* of nothing but of him; nor was there one Servant in the house, who did not almost adore him; so great a Master was he in attracting the Love and Respect of all People, whom Gold and Presents had any Power over, every thing made to his Advantage in *Clitie*'s Heart; she now saw him much more importunate than before, and altho' she gave him not the least hopes of marrying her, yet she appear'd not altogether so cruel and inexorable.

It

It is certain, that seeing so advantagious an alteration, he began to make new Attempts, to the establishing himself wholly in her Favours; and her Father, who wish'd nothing more than his Alliance, daily seeing the great Qualification of the Prince, made new Proposals to his Daughter, with an earnest desire to effect it.

Clitie seem'd now more consenting than before, making but faint Denials, and desir'd some time to consider of it. Now it was that the Prince saw the happy hour approaching (which so long time he had despaired of) left no means unassay'd to perfect it.

But when the time was expir'd wherein *Clitie* was to return her Determination, and that she thought she had banish'd *Darbelle*'s Image quite out of her Heart, she found her self deceiv'd; she perceiv'd she had not that Command o're her Heart as she imagin'd, and there were yet some Remains of Love that combated for the poor unfortunate; and tho' they produc'd not those lively Representations they had done formerly, yet they were powerful enough to keep her Heart still in balance (for some time) between a Lover whom she thought so false and criminal,

nal, and a Prince who every moment gave her new Proofs of his Paſſion.

Mariana, who was privy to all her diſturbances and doubts, endeavoured all ſhe cou'd by her Addreſſes and Artifices to baniſh them. 'What remains there yet 'in your Heart (wou'd ſhe often ſay to '*Clitie*) for the worſt of men, and the 'moſt perfidious breathing, that can any 'longer hinder you from making happy 'the moſt conſtant and paſſionate Lover 'that ever was? in truth (continues ſhe) 'you are now no more to be excus'd for 'being ſo little ſenſible of the moſt ten-'der Paſſion of a vertuous Prince, and the 'Affronts of ſo vile and perjur'd a Wretch 'as *Darbelle*. What! (ſays ſhe) when 'you ſhould think of nothing but Re-'venge againſt this Traytor, and ſtrive 'to blot him for ever from your Thoughts, 'do you put him in balance with ſo gene-'rous a Prince?

'Alas! (replies *Clitie* with Tears in her Eyes) I cou'd ſay as much as you do, to 'any other perſon, and I cannot but diſ-'approve the Sentiments of my Heart, as 'the moſt unjuſt in the World, but it is 'for that Traytor *Darbelle*, whom I can 'never hate enough; I have endeavour'd 'all I am able to bring it about, but I can-

'not

'not effect it as I wou'd, there are ſtill 'ſome moments wherein (ungrateful as 'he is) I know not what Devil, envious 'of my repoſe, repreſents him innocent, 'all night long my Heart is fill'd with his 'Idea, and he appears (all weeping) on 'his Knees before me, more paſſionate and 'amiable than ever; nor can my Reaſon 'all the day diſſipate the Thoughts of my 'Dreams by night.

'See there then (ſays ſhe to her) *Ma-* '*riana*, the ſource of my Misfortunes, and 'I can ſooner die than think to marry any 'other, till I am better aſſur'd (if it be 'poſſible) that *Darbelle* is married, as is 'reported, and ſo ungrateful as we think 'him.

This was the laſt Reſolution that *Clitie* took, nor was ſhe to be alter'd from it: ſhe ſpoke to *Mariana* to ſeek out for ſome body, in whom they might confide, whom ſhe would ſend into *Florence*, and who at his return might make her a faithful account of all things.

Mariana found her ſelf in no ſmall perplexity at this Diſcourſe of *Clitie*. The Journey cou'd not be perform'd but in ſome conſiderable time, and it was not unlikely this delay might hinder the Prince's marrying her, fearing leaſt *Darbelle* him-

himself might come back to know the cause of her silence, and so discover the Cheat of the Prince and her self.

These things then, with a thousand others, which the Prince presented to himself yet more cruel and dangerous, put him almost into despair: He consulted with *Mariana* about what was to be done, and she made him sensible, that after the manner that *Clitie* had so discours'd to her, it wou'd be absolutely impossible to compass his Designs, without deceiving her yet once more, in pretending to execute her Orders, and that if they did not, all the time and pains they had employ'd hitherto in making her change her Opinion, were to no purpose.

He agreed then, that *Mariana* shou'd propose to *Clitie* the sending a Brother of hers into *Florence*, assuring her he was one in whom she might confide, both as to his Secrecy, and the executing her Commands.

This Contrivance appear'd very seasonable, and they had now no more to do, than to put it in practise, which was no difficult thing to effect, since *Clitie* had not the least Suspicion that *Mariana* was not altogether for her Interest. The perfidious *Mariana* fail'd not to be very pressing

sing in the busineſs, telling *Clitie* what she had thought of in order to her satisfaction, she soon confirm'd her in a belief of her Brother's fidelity and good management. The poor credulous *Clitie* following her wonted custom, left all to her Care and Expedition; she only desir'd to speak with him, giving him this Caution, to believe nothing but what his own Eyes were Witnesses to, and charg'd him strictly to get a sight both of *Darbelle* and his Wife, and to inform himself the best he cou'd, after what manner he liv'd with her, and to neglect nothing that might satisfie her Curiosity, and to give her a faithful Account of all that he learn'd.

Having given him this Charge, the Gentleman took his Journey (at least pretended so to do) he furnish'd himself with all Necessaries such a Journey requir'd. They told *Clitie* that he had taken Post, when all the while he lay conceal'd in the Prince's Apartment, knowing it was enough only to make him disappear: This Journey cou'd not be perform'd in less time than a Month, not reckoning the time it would take up in performing all those Orders *Clitie* had given him, in instructing himself in the Circumstances concerning the false *Derbelle*.

During

During this time the Prince and *Mariana* had private Meetings where they consulted together, to make all to their Advantage at the pretended return of him whom *Clitie* supposed she had sent into *Florence*; they cause a Picture in Minature to be drawn of a most exquisite Beauty, who they design'd shou'd pass for *Darbelle*'s Wife, and composed in order all the Discourses that was to be made to *Clitie* about this business.

Nothing of Novelty happen'd during this supposed Journey; *Clitie* hover'd daily between Fear and Hope, Hate and Love; and since the time she had sent to inform her self of his Life, she imagin'd *Darbelle* less guilty.

The time being come for the return of *Mariana*'s Brother, they forgot nothing that they thought might be necessary to the deceiving *Clitie*; but this Treachery seem'd to have so agreeable a success, that there needed not such extraordinary Care.

The Prince talk'd with *Mariana*'s Brother, he gave him rich Presents, and promis'd him much more considerable ones, if he perform'd his part well: On the other side, *Mariana* had so fully instructed him, during the time he lay conceal'd, that

hat he was as perfect in the buſineſs as
he Authors of the Cheat themſelves;
ney inform'd him of all the Queſtions
hat *Clitie* might be ſuppos'd to ask, and
he Anſwers he was to return.

At length they arriv'd wherein they
ppointed to inform *Clitie* of the return
f her Meſſenger; *Mariana* ſo order'd it,
hat ſhe receiv'd a Letter before *Clitie*'s
ace, which gave her an Account of this
lews, ſhe preſently ſhew'd it her Miſtreſs,
nd ſeem'd as eager to know the Succeſs
f the Journey as *Clitie*; ſhe returned an
nſwer to her Brother, commanding him
o come at ſuch an hour as ſhe appointed,
nd to take off all Suſpicion; ſhe would
ot have her Miſtreſs believe that ſhe had
poken to him ere ſhe her ſelf had ſeen
im.

The Prince, to ſhew as tho' he knew
othing of the matter, ſeem'd to know
othing of the return, and to keep *Clitie*
n the belief that *Mariana* ſtill kept all
er Secrets, abſtain'd from coming to *Cli-*
ie's Houſe at the time. When the hour
ppointed (by *Mariana* in her Letter to
er Brother) was come, her Brother en-
ers her Chamber, with an Air of a man
who had been expos'd to the Fateigues
f a long Journey; *Clitie* was with *Ma-*
riana

riana the same time that he appear'd, but was so surpriz'd, and so trembled, that she cou'd hardly speak to him.

Mariana's Brother prevented her (saying) 'Madam, I have perform'd all that 'you commanded; I have been in *Florence*, 'where I have seen both *Darbelle* and his 'Wife; I was at their Palace, which is 'indeed the most magnificent of the whole 'City.

'He is look'd on there as the Prince's 'chief Favourite, and in all appearance is 'exceedingly well setled in that Countrey; 'he lives very happily, and well content-'edly with his Fortune; his Wife, who 'I saw at my leisure, is one of the great-'est Beauty's in the World, she is very fair, 'and exceedingly well shap'd, and as I 'am inform'd, of noble Extraction, and 'of no mean Quality. But, Madam, '(continues he) the better to satisfie your 'Curiosity, I have brought from thence 'her Picture, I had no small trouble to 'get it, being one of the greatest Beauty's 'of that Court, but by the help of my 'Gold I had it exquisitely well painted 'by one of the most reputed Artists of that 'Place.

'Who indeed inform'd me of the whole 'Story, how that he fell in love with her

as soon as he arriv'd in that Countrey, and was not long ere he was lov'd again: that which for some time defer'd their Marriage, was the distance that he was from his Estate and Countrey, of which her Friends wou'd first inform themselves; and since the time of their being married, 'tis reported he adores her.

Clitie, who had attended this Relation with a mortal sadness, cou'd now no longer endure it, so (saying to *Mariana*'s Brother) Sir, you have too well executed my Orders; and at the same time desir'd him to leave her alone, which he perform'd.

No sooner was he gone, but she cried out (in so lamentable a Voice, that it wou'd have mov'd a heart of Stone) 'Perfidious Wretch! alas! then thou hast forgot me! ingrateful man! how have I deserv'd this usage? She repeated these words a hundred times, then dropping down on her Couch, she fell in a Trance, being a long time ere she cou'd be brought to her self again.

Mariana seem'd to be as much afflicted as her Mistress, and pursu'd her Injuries yet further; 'Barbarian (says she) O that I cou'd tear thy perfidious Heart in

'pieces,

'pieces, for the cruel Abuses thou hast ma
'my dear Lady suffer! unhappy thee th
'ever thou cameſt hither to betray h
'with thy Falſhood. A little after (a
dreſſing her ſelf to *Clitie*) 'Ah, M
'dam! (ſays ſhe) think no more of th
'Monſter, who does not deſerve to ha
'his Name pronounced by you; and wh
'(perhaps) is at this very inſtant laug
'ing at your Credulity, and ſcorning yo
'Complaints and Sighs. *Clitie* continu
many days in an unſpeakable ſadne
never giving any truce to her Tears a
Sorrows; but at length ſhe forbore h
Complaints, and her Hate got the upp
hand of her Love, and ſhe reſolv'd nev
more to think on this ungrateful man, b
uſe all poſſible means to be reveng'd
him.

The Prince next day, without ſeemi
to know any thing that had paſs'd, w
very deſirous to know the good or ba
Succeſs of his Affairs, pays a viſit to *Clit*
whom he was told was in Bed, and ſe
him word, that ſhe deſir'd to be excus
that time, intreating him to ſtay ſome fe
days longer. For the poor *Clitie* no ſoon
had heard the Relation of *Mariana*'s Br
ther, with the Circumſtances of *Darbell*
Amours and Marriage, but her Heart w
e'd

e'en broke, and she was so disconsolate, that she had much ado to support her self in her sad Condition; she shower'd down Tears in abundance, and never ceas'd uttering over and over again, the most soft and tender things that Love cou'd e're invent.

Mariana did all she cou'd to comfort her in this lamentable Estate, and it is most certain, had she had any person, whom at that time she cou'd have confided in, as she did in her, the Emotions of her Heart wou'd almost have made them expire in Grief.

The Prince came as he was order'd, but with little Assurance, and as much Trouble: He enters her Chamber with so sad and mournful an Aire, but withal so amorous, that *Clitie* (maugre the motions of her Spirit) cou'd not forbear, (as she confess'd afterwards) some Sentiments of Joy to see such marks of Love and tender Passion in the Eyes of a man that she cou'd no longer look on, but as her Friend.

'Well then (most charming *Clitie*, says 'he to her, falling on his Knees by the Bed 'side) now the time is come in which 'your goodness has promis'd to pronounce me happy, or for ever miserable; but (continues he) looking on her with Eyes more

more tender and passionate than before, If (as I believe by the sad Condition in 'which I find you) that Death must be 'my Doom; for surely the Troubles in 'which I see you, can proceed from no-'thing but a sense of Pity that has possess'd 'your Breast in the behalf of a most un-'fortunate Prince, who you are sending 'to his Tomb: However (most adorable 'Clitie) say something whatsoe're it be 'to put an end to the Torments I endure 'which are so insupportable.

He stopp'd at these words (his Tears falling down his Cheeks) *Clitie* had yet no power to answer him, she only sent forth many Sighs to intimate the Affliction of her Heart from whence they came. The Prince interrupting them, implor'd her again to declare his Destiny a long time without her speaking one word, but at last she return'd him this Answer.

'Prince, I will never pronounce the 'Sentence of your Death, you merit too 'much my Esteem, and indeed my Love, 'by all those Cares and Addresses you 'have rendred me, and those Evils you 'have suffer'd for my sake, that I shou'd 'not confess that I believe you one of the 'most worthy men alive; but (says she) 'my Heart is so sad, and so fill'd with In-

'quietudes

quietudes when I propose to my self to love any that I cannot without much difficulty make any Resolution, permit me, I intreat you, only eight days more, that I may reduce it to an intire consent to make you happy.

In finishing these words she dissolv'd in Tears, and whatever the Prince cou'd say or do to hinder her, was to no Effect. He departed thence the most satisfied and contented man in the World, seeing so happy a procedure of his Enterprize, while the poor unfortunate *Darbelle* wore away his tedious Hours with a Sorrow not to be parallel'd.

The sweet and undisturb'd Content in which he had liv'd five or six Months, wherein he almost every day heard News from his lovely *Clitie*, or had Letters from her) cost him dear; for all those cruel Passions that are wont to attaque the Hearts of the most desperate in love, had took possession of his; his Fears and Jealousies were grown so strong, they hurry'd him even to despair; how often wou'd he think his *Clitie* dead? When (as oft as he wou'd) he read over her Letters, and found such marks of Love and Goodness in them, that he cou'd impute her Silence to no other Cause: But these

Thoughts reduc'd him to ſo lamentab
a Condition, that it is not to be de
ſcrib'd.

All the Cares of *La Rock* (who onl
of all his Servants knew the true Re
ſon) was to no purpoſe; he now r
ſolv'd to run all hazards and return agai
to *France*, whatever danger might bef
him: The Conſideration only of *Clit*
and the Hopes he ſtill had daily to he
from her, deterr'd him for ſome tim
but his Fears did not always predom
nate in his Heart, but ſometimes ga
way to his Jealouſie; he wou'd imagi
within himſelf, that it cou'd be poſſib
any thing cou'd have happen'd to *Cli*
that cou'd have hinder'd her writing
him, and that *Mariana* in whom he p
ſuch Confidence, was now ſilent by h
Miſtreſs's Commands: tormented wi
theſe Thoughts, he cou'd impute it to n
thing but her Inconſtancy.

Oh, unhappy that I am! (wou'd he o
ten ſay in the depth of his Solitude
'*Clitie* for certain no longer loves m
'and I cou'd never loſe her Heart but
'the Happineſs of ſome more fortun
'Adorer, who, for ought I know,
'loves a thouſand times more, (while
'am now ſpeaking of it) than ever

'did me; and nothing but this change 'cou'd have hinder'd her from writing 'to me; and the great Obligations by 'which *Mariana* is bound to her, has pre-'vail'd with her to hide from me the Se-'cret, and not to let me know the leaſt 'thing of it, leſt it ſhou'd give me an oc-'caſion to interrupt their Pleaſures.

To one who was ſo paſſionate a Lover, theſe terrible Suſpicions made him utter a thouſand diſobliging things againſt her; but pauſing a while, and having well conſider'd his Misfortunes, he fram'd to himſelf what might ſeem moſt likely to be true; he believ'd her Father (againſt her conſent) had forc'd her to marry ſome other, and that the Tenders ſhe had for him, and her Love being weakned by abſence and length of time, were not furniſh'd with Fortitude to withſtand the Commands of her Father, who was now weary with the continual Diſobedience of his Daughter.

Theſe Inquietudes wrought ſuch Torments in his Soul, that it caſt him into a violent fit of Sickneſs in the ſame time that he had made a Reſolution to return again to *France* to be certify'd of his Fate. The Agitations of his mind cauſed ſo raging a Feaver in him, that he was reduced

to the lowest ebb of life: But after he had pretty well recovered, and the greatest danger past, he was so weak and low for more than two Months, that he was not able to quit his Bed, so that he was constrain'd to do what he could, to be expos'd to the most cruel Violences that Love was capable to inflict.

He had found out a Retreat the most sutable to his Condition of all the Seats in *Tuscany*; it was near the City of *Florence*, on the Banks of the *Arne*, in the bottom of a Valley, where all things that an amorous Heart cou'd desire, were met together. He bought an House from a certain *Florentine*, which was handsome enough after his manner, it was ancient, and seem'd to have been some old deserted Castle, built all of Marble, the River *Arne* washing its Walls as it pass'd gliding by; its Issues were of long Walks planted on each side with green Lemmon and Orange Trees; at the ends of which was a Grove, in whose Shades and Silence this unfortunate and disconsolate Lover found incomparable Charms: In this sad Solitude had he made Arbours, in which he us'd to read his *Clitie*'s Letters, and to return their Answers, where indeed he spent most of his time. This course of

living

living was much more agreeable to him, being a man so extreamly amorous, who had never receiv'd any Favour from that blind Deity, tho' by him he had suffer'd much Disquiet.

All his Actions were of Love, and one might truly say, Love was all his business; he was indued with an admirable Wit, and compos'd the finest Verses in the World; but the whole and continual Subject of 'em was his charming *Clitie*, there was scarce one Tree about his Mansion in which he had not carv'd his *Clitie*'s Name after a thousand pretty ways; on some he drew it in Cyphers, on some her Name at large, on others her Anagram and Acrosticks in soft and pretty Verses; on some again he wou'd write the whole History of his Love, so that on which side soever one walk'd they might see something or other to content their Curiosity; it seem'd as tho' the very Spirit of Love govern'd the whole place, and with such power, that all who came there, and took pleasure in reading those amorous Devices, return'd thence either more loving, if their Heart had been touch'd before by that soft Deity, or else more fit to take the Impression, if yet their Hearts had never felt it.

All the Nobility and Persons of Quality in *Florence* often came to visit him, but he took little notice of any who came to see him, nor wou'd he be troubled with them, resolving to imploy the Remainder of his Life in thoughts of his dear *Clitie*, and studying means to see her again; so that most of those who came to his House, contented themselves only in injoying the Pleasures of that agreeable Solitude, and return'd without speaking to him.

Nothing was more talk'd of in *Florence* than this delightful Solitude; there was something in it which at the same time gave content, and rais'd a Curiosity in the most great and piercing Wits of that City; they cou'd not comprehend why such a Person as he, so young and handsome, whose Air and Mean spoke him not of common Birth, shou'd take delight in so solitary a place, as tho' he had resolv'd to separate himself from the rest of Mankind, never imagining that Love and the Estate in which he was, oblig'd him to it.

He always went by the Name of *Conrade* ever since he left *Paris*, and not one of his Domesticks (*La Rock* excepted) knew but it was his right Name; and it was no difficult matter for him to deceive

very. body by perſwading them to believe what he pleas'd himſelf of his Adventures.

His pretence for living in that lonely houſe, was the agreeableneſs of the place (which he told them) was ſo conformable to his ſolitary Humour, and he promis'd them it ſhou'd not be long ere he wou'd ſatisfie the Curioſity of ſo many thouſands, who endeavour'd ſo earneſtly to know the Secrets of his Life.

This is the Eſtate in which *Darbelle* had put his Affairs while he was abſent from *Clitie*. A moſt ſolitary dwelling, the River *Arne*, one of the fineſt Rivers in all *Italy*, and the green Woods and Groves which incompaſs'd it, made it altogether delightful, and a moſt admirable Landſchape.

He had apply'd himſelf to play on the Lute, he had choſen the moſt skilful Artiſt in *Florence* to inſtruct him, and having a Soul all amorous and tender, was the more taken with this melancholy Exerciſe (which is uſually the Delight of the ſorrowful, and thoſe whom Love has wounded) and ſoon became a Maſter of it.

In a word, all thoſe agreeable Ingredients that can be found out to delight

Lovers, were to be had at *Darbelle's* House.

Cou'd the unfortunate *Darbelle* have made a ſpeedy return into *France*, and have left this pleaſing ſolitary Exile, before the Prince and *Mariana* had perfected their Deſign, he might have found his Fate more kind; but Heaven, who had otherwiſe order'd it, wou'd needs give *Clitie* a Proof of his Conſtancy, by ſuch Misfortunes as never any Lover but himſelf had undergone.

It was now nine Months ſince he parted from *Clitie* to retire himſelf about *Florence* in that ſolatary Caſtle, which we have but now deſcrib'd; ſix Months whereof he paſſed away as happily as one in his Condition cou'd have wiſh'd (that is) he daily receiv'd Letters from his Miſtreſs, by which he underſtood all that hapned to her, he return'd her Anſwers, and cou'd eaſily perceive the Pleaſures *Clitie* took in his Amours, by the Aſſurances ſhe gave him of her Faith.

It was after theſe ſix Months that the Prince and *Mariana* had contriv'd the cruel Deſign to cheat them both, and ſet them at variance, beginning to ſuppreſs the Letters of both parties, to open them, and make uſe of the Contents to their

own

own Advantage, and by little and little, seeing the happy Success of their Enterprise, they insensibly perswaded *Clitie*, that he was false to her, and was married. And this was it this unfortunate Lover perhaps might have prevented, if the cruel Sickness which his Inquietudes and Troubles (not to hear from her Mistress) had cast him into, had not oblig'd him to keep his Bed more than two Months, having almost lost his life, and given over by his Doctors.

If these Conjunctures were so troublesome to him, they were as favourable to the Prince; for after a great many puts off, and infinite delays, which *Clitie* made ere she cou'd resolve to marry him, she was solicited with such pressing and urgent Importunities by her Father and the Prince, that at length she gave her consent.

I must needs say, (as she her self has since confess'd) that she had never taken this Resolution, but thereby to free her self wholly from *Darbelle*, who she cou'd never banish from her Thought, how unconstant soever she believ'd him.

The Prince and *Mariana* now saw 'twas necessary to spread abroad the Rumour of his Death, which was so effectually per-

form'd, that *Clitie* had not the leaſt hopes left of ſeeing him again; it wou'd be a hard matter to expreſs the Joy the Prince receiv'd when he ſaw himſelf eſtabliſh'd in *Clitie*'s Favour, and that he doubted not the Poſſeſſion of her Heart.

The Viſits which he made her were ſo full of the Tranſports of Love, and tender Reſpect, that none cou'd ſee him with his Miſtreſs without perceiving at the ſame time ſome ſparks of the Fire that burnt within him; his looks were lively and piercing, and ſometimes ſo languiſhing, that *Clitie* her ſelf cou'd not avoid ſaying to *Mariana*, That ſhe believ'd it impoſſible for any to love better or more than he did.

On the other ſide, *Clitie* having at length baniſhed from her Heart all that had ſo long been Enemies to her Tranquility and Repoſe, hardly ever thinking of *Darbelle*, became ſo beautiful and charming, that none in the Kingdom cou'd compare with her: And the day before they were married ſhe began to treat him in ſo ſoft and tender a manner, which gave him a taſte of thoſe Pleaſures that he was to have ere long the ſole fruition.

Theſe Nuptials being ſo extraordinary both by the Quality and Merits of the

new

new Lovers, the Prince cou'd but allow ſome day for their Preparation, during which time all ſorts of magnificent Diverſions were ſeen every where; at the end of which this happy Prince enjoy'd an intire Victory over the Heart and Perſon of *Clitie*, who no longer conceal'd the Sentiments ſhe had for him, who was one of the moſt amiable and accompliſh'd men in *France*; ſhe believing her ſelf obliged to make him ſome Retalliation for the ſufferings ſhe had caus'd him to endure, gave her ſelf up wholly to thoſe Tenders and Devoirs that ſhe ow'd him.

On both ſides Love had made them ſuffer ſuch Torments, that now they began to taſte the Pleaſures that had ſo long time been deny'd them; the whole Court were Partakers of their Joy, and this Match was matter of Diſcourſe for all *Paris*; for as the Paſſion of the Prince was known to every body, ſo likewiſe was the Cruelty of *Clitie*, and every one diſcanted on the buſineſs as they fanſied.

Never did two Lovers ſeem more contented, they were ſwallow'd up in Delights, and felt a reciprocal kindneſs; they gave mutual Careſſes even in publick, the Names whereby they call'd each other, and the Expreſſions wherewith their Diſ-

courſe

courſe was fill'd, were the moſt agreeable and tender in the World.

Notwithſtanding all this, there were ſome certain moments wherein the Prince's Conſcience accus'd him, and he conſider'd that it was with the greateſt Treachery imaginable to which he ow'd the Conqueſt of his fair *Clitie*, nor cou'd he quite baniſh the Troubles and Diſquiets theſe Thoughts wou'd give him; yet when they tyranniz'd moſt, they gave occaſion for her to ſooth him out of his Melancholy, and to ſay a thouſand obliging things to comfort him.

Mariana had no ſmall ſhare in the happy Fortunes of the Prince, which all along ſhe taſted by thoſe infinite Preſents that he made her, which ſwell'd to ſuch a maſs of Wealth, that ſhe purchas'd a conſiderable Eſtate: But when *Clitie* was once married, ſhe made that a pretence to quit her Service, and in a little time after was married her ſelf to a Gentleman of very good Quality.

When the Prince had a little liberty from his Amours, (that is) after he had reap'd the Fruit of all his former Trouble and Pains, he betook himſelf more than ever to the Court; he purchas'd great Employments near the perſon of the King, his

his Princeſs was likewiſe admitted amongſt the Ladies of Honour to the Queen.

Thus they liv'd in peace and tranquility, enjoying ſuch Pleaſures as made all the World envy 'em. When the King of *France* declared Wars with the *Hollander*, the Preparations for it were prodigious, and there were no leſs than 20000 Men in Arms; the Effects were ſudden and wonderful: And the King who went in perſon to command his Army, did ſuch ſurprizing Actions that Poſterity will hardly believe: In two Campaigns he over-run almoſt all *Holland*, notwithſtanding the *Spaniard* and the Emperour, with almoſt all *Europe*, were joyn'd againſt him to ſtop the Courſe of his Victories. The Sieges of Cities, which were at another time almoſt impregnable, laſted not above ten or twelve days; and you might have ſeen in one Campaign a large Province taken and retaken. 'Tis certain, ſuch great Enterprizes were bought with the Life of many a gallant Man; and it might be ſaid, the Example the King gave to his Subjects, by being himſelf preſent upon all Occaſions, even in the hotteſt of the Battel, encourag'd them ſo well, inſpiring them with ſo much Valour, that there

there was ſcarce a perſon of any Quality in his whole Kingdom who had not put himſelf in the Service, imitating the Actions of ſo valiant and hardy a Prince.

Theſe Occaſions, however agreeable to gallant Souls, cou'd not but coſt the Lovers many a Tear when they were forc'd to quit the ſoft Embraces of their languiſhing Loves, to put on the more rugged Fury of Arms, and no longer to think of any thing but Blood and Death; but above all, theſe things were inſupportable to the Ladies; and as it ſeparated them from their Lovers, they imploy'd all the time of their Abſence in Mourning and Complaints, and appear'd greatly afflicted for their Departure. But their Lovers who were forc'd to leave them, had a thouſand other things to think on, they were employ'd in making up their Equipages, and their Regiments, and many other things which diverted them from thinking ſo much on their Miſtreſſes.

Our new married couple, who as yet were but as Lovers to each other, felt more than any the ſad ſeparation this War did make; they complain'd in ſecret of their ſad Fate, they wept, and ſpoke all the ſoft and moſt paſſionate things they cou'd invent: But at laſt the time was

come in which they must part. The Prince who commanded two Regiments, one of Horse, the other of Foot, cou'd no ways avoid being of the number, and following that Royal Army to the War.

Clitie was inconsolable, yet she was forc'd to give way to her cruel Fortune that thus ravish'd from her her dear Lord. She was no sooner left alone, but all the Adventures of her Life represented themselves afresh in her memory one after another, they were so extraordinary, and so surprizing, that she wanted no Imployment (amongst the Confusion of her Thoughts) which furnish'd her with an infinite number of odd Phansies.

The History of the unfortunate *Darbelle*, do what she cou'd, was not the least thing that fill'd her Thoughts, she us'd a thousand Endeavours to banish them her Memory, but all in vain; having a long time withstood the Assaults, and made her greatest Efforts against this cruel Idea, she wou'd suffer her self to be overcome, and this unfortunate Man wou'd present himself to her Fancy a thousand ways; she sometimes wou'd imagine she saw him dying for love of her, and banish'd the Kingdom upon her Quarrel; and sometimes she wou'd look at his Port and brave Aspect,

pect, which were enough to fetch Tears from the most insensible; and as guilty as she thought him, the soft Impressions of her first Passion, cou'd not but make her feel some Sparkles of the same Fire which she stifled as soon as they appear'd.

These Thoughts never seiz'd her heart, but they left her much disconsolate and sad, she not being able to guess the cause; for nothing is more certain than that all this while she had so mortal a Hatred to him, that it cou'd admit no Augmentation; and never did his Name, his Person, or any thing belonging to him, present it self to her Eyes, or come into her Thoughts, but she branded him with Falshood and Treachery, and wish'd him a thousand Punishments in the other World in which she thought he was; for the Prince and *Mariana*, to bring about their Design of making *Clitie* consent to the Marriage, cou'd think of no way more infallible (after having perswaded her to a belief of his Inconstancy and Falshood) than to publish a Rumour of his Death, which passed for an unquestionable Truth.

The Campaigne in which the King went himself to make the more Expedition, carrying with him the chiefest Lords

and

and Nobles of his Kingdom, lasted not long, but was ended in a Month, in which he made himself Master of three or four considerable strong Cities, and won a great Battel, which so weakned his Enemies, and so dispers'd their Forces, they were no longer in a Condition to attempt any thing against him; he thought it necessary to give ease to his Troops, and let them refresh themselves in their Enemies Countrey, while himself and the Court return'd to St. *Germains*.

As the Prince was most afflicted of any in parting from *Clitie*, he was also the most joyful when he was returning to a place where he shou'd meet her again: This return gave them mutual satisfaction, and this second meeting gave them all the Pleasures of a new Amour, so that none cou'd be more happy than they were. But Heaven had not bestow'd this happy day on *Clitie* to let her long continue in peace, for she was born to endure all the Perplexities of a Heart, whom Love had subjected to his Laws, and the end of her Misfortunes was not yet arriv'd. *Darbelle* at length, after having been a thousand times ready to die in his Solitude, by the Violence of those Troubles the silence of his Mistress gave him; by the careful attendance

dance of *La Rock*, and the ſtrength of his Youth and Conſtitution, recovered: The danger was no ſooner paſt, but he propos'd returning into *France* to eaſe his Troubles; *La Rock*, with all the Reſpect he cou'd, oppos'd his Deſigns, repreſenting to him the Dangers he wou'd run in ſuch a Journey, eſpecially if it ſhou'd ſo happen that *Clitie* had chang'd her Sentiments of him; he put him in mind that he had been once betray'd already, and that now perhaps he wou'd betray himſelf by ſome inconſiderate Action; and that ſince Love was the only cauſe of his return, he might (in all appearance) do ſomething or other that might diſcover him, and lay him open to the malice of his Enemies. Again he repreſented to him, that as ſoon as he ſhou'd be gon, *Clitie* might perhaps write to him, and give him orders which he could not then follow, and that without all doubt the ſilence of *Clitie* was occaſion'd by ſome ſickneſs which for the preſent hindred her from writing to him.

Theſe Reaſons had been convincing enough to any, whoſe Heart was not ſo far carried away by the power of Love, who thought he had no other Imployment for life, but what might put him in a way of

of seeing his Mistress again: He answer'd him, That, in short, he was resolv'd to be satisfied in his Destiny, and if *Clitie* were dead, he had nothing to do but to follow her; and if she were false to him, that he shou'd not do himself Justice if he reveng'd it not, or at least, trouble their Repose and Pleasures.

This Resolution put an end to all their Contestations, and so soon as he was able to undergo the fateigue of the Journey, he parted, taking only with him *La Rock*, leaving all the rest of his People at his solatary Mansion, with orders to remain there till his return. He cou'd not make such speed in his Journey as he intended, his Body being yet very weak; and were he not encourag'd by the Assistance of powerful Love, it wou'd not have been possible for him to have done it: however at length he compass'd it, and arrived safe in *Paris*.

He took up his Lodging in a retir'd and private place, and he had hardly alighted off his Horse, but he told *LaRock* he wou'd go immediately to *Clitie*, and know his Doom. *LaRock* throwing himself at his Feet, conjur'd him not to expose himself so to his Death, assuring him that he wou'd undertake by his Care and Management

to

to do all things to his Satisfaction: He told him he wou'd ſoon inform him of all things, and that it was far more proper for him to execute ſuch a Deſign, than *Darbelle*, being unknown to every body and might with more eaſe be inſtructed in the Truth of all things, which wou'd be more difficult for *Darbelle* to perform.

The Conſideration that *La Rock* might eaſier inform himſelf of what he ſought to know, made him conſent to his going to *Clitie*. *La Rock*, after having diſguis'd himſelf, went out of his Lodgings, but it is impoſſible to deſcribe the impatience of the amorous *Darbelle*, every minute ſeem'd to him an Age; he was a thouſand times in a mind to run through the City, and expoſe himſelf to be diſcover'd in ſo dangerous a place.

But the Tranſports and Agitations of his Soul are not to be conceiv'd, Love, Anger, Revenge, Fear and Jealouſie, all at one time took poſſeſſion of his Heart, and made ſuch terrible Emotions in it, that it had like to have kill'd him. Oh, 'unfortunate Wretch that I am! what 'ſhall I do, if *Clitie* be dead? I will not 'live a moment after ſo cruel a loſs. Then all on a ſudden another Paſſion wou'd predominate

lominate o're his Senſe. 'But (ſays he) if this ungrate ſhou'd prove falſe to me, what wou'd become of me! Ha! I will revenge it with my own Hand, I will ſtabb my Rival through her Eyes. All theſe different Paſſions, every one having as much ground for them as the others, caſt him into ſuch dreadful Incertainties, that he was the moſt afflicted Man in the World.

Hardly had *La Rock* been gone one moment to inquire after his Miſtreſs, but he was ſtill running to the Door, or looking out of the Window to ſee if he were not coming back again: But after two hours *La Rock* enters ſo ſad and dejected, that *Darbelle* ſoon ſuſpected he had no good News for him. 'Well then (ſays he) I perceive you bring me little Comfort, by your looks, however ſpeak freely, and whatever Sentence you have to pronounce, let me hear it quickly; for the Doubts and Inquietudes I have been in ſince you departed, has been more cruel and tormenting to me than the worſt that can befal me. Is *Clitie* dead? Is ſhe falſe? in ſhort, What is become of her? and what will become of me?

La Rock who was extreamly perplex'd, cou'd have wiſh'd with all his Heart ſome

other

other had his Office, was seiz'd with
shaking all o're, and knew not where to
begin his Discourse. But *Darbelle*, fir'd
with Impatience, and not being able to
forbear any longer; 'La *Rock* (says he to
'him) hold me no longer in suspence, un-
'less you wou'd see me expire before you
He pronounc'd these words with so sad
and disconsolate an Aire, that *La Rock*
the same time told him, *Clitie* lives, but
'she lives no more to you, for she is married
'to Prince *Lysidor*; I saw him at her Fa-
'ther's House, where this day he makes a
'great Treat; there is nothing to be
'heard but confusions of Noises, Fiddles
'and Musick, and Crouds of curious Peo-
'ple go in and out, so that it is no hard
'thing to enter there. *La Rock* had no
sooner spoke this, but *Darbelle* gave a la-
mentable Groan, and said; 'O Heavens
'then is the unjust *Clitie* married? And
'cou'd you look on and suffer it? Then he
fell in a Swoon on a Couch against which
he was leaning: *La Rock* run to his As-
sistance, and endeavour'd all he cou'd to
recover him, yet all the Care and Pains
he took, cou'd not for above two hours
draw him out of this miserable Condition; but at length his Speech and Strength
being a little recover'd, made fresh Ex-

clamations

clamations againſt Heaven and his Miſtreſs, accuſing them both of Falſhood that he had never merited; but it was not long ere he turn'd his Complaints into Threats, all the while raving on nothing but Swords, Daggers, and Poiſons. *La Rock* for many Reaſons dar'd not call for any body to help his Maſter, and to reduce him from the pitiful Condition in which he lay, for fear his Complaints and Tranſports ſhou'd betray who he was, and was forc'd to content himſelf with what he alone cou'd do to comfort him; but the Evil was too recent and violent to admit any Conſolation, and there was an abſolute neceſſity to let it take its Courſe.

Darbelle (having all this while ſuffer'd a thouſand Tortures) turn'd him towards *La Rock*; '*Clitie* has married the Prince '*Lyſidor* (ſays he to him) how was you 'inform'd of it, and what Certainty have 'you for it? I was told it (anſwers *La* '*Rock*) at their own Houſe, who were 'all in a Confuſion; tho' I had no other In-'formation than the Muſick and Hautbois, 'who when I approach'd and commend-'ed their playing and the fineneſs of their 'Aires, they were ſo pleas'd with me, that

'there

'there was nothing I cou'd ask them 'that they did not resolve me.

'They told me the Princess had given 'a great Dinner to a dozen Ladies of the 'Court, and that after that Repast, there 'was to be a splendid Collation, and all 'the Company wou'd sup with her; and to 'finish the day, there was to be a Ball, 'where many Lords and Noblemen wou'd 'be in Masquerade, in the most gallant 'Habits and Devices that cou'd be invent-'ed. This is all I was inform'd of, nor 'did I inquire into any more, knowing such 'sort of People cou'd give me but small 'Intelligence of the particulars of *Clitie*'s 'Marriage; besides, this unwelcome News 'had so surpriz'd me with Grief and 'Trouble, that I had not the power to 'ask any more, or to stay any longer.

Darbelle having heard this dismal Relation, made a thousand fresh Complaints, and new Imprecations against *Clitie*, sometimes threatning her, and sometimes saying he wou'd kill himself: But after all the Disorders that Love and Anger had produc'd in his Heart, he made a Resolution to see her the same Night, and reproach her with her Falshood: And addressing himself to *La Rock*; 'I am but

'a

a Fool (ſays he) thus to torment my ſelf for a perfidious Woman, who has not deſerv'd my Love; no, I will not kill my ſelf, ſhe is not worth that trouble; but I will have the pleaſure to make her miſerable by the Diſdain I will ſhew her, and by the Croſſes I will give to all the Delights of her Life; this ſame day will I go in Maſquerade, and threaten her in the very midſt of the Ball, and raiſe in her all thoſe frightful Apprehenſions which ought to terrifie one ſo criminal as ſhe, in having caſt off ſo true a Lover as my ſelf.

When *La Rock* heard him talk thus, he preſented to him the hazard he run in ſuch an Enterprize, and that perhaps inſtead of revenging himſelf on *Clitie*, he wou'd be expos'd to the loſs of his own Life, and be ſo far from puniſhing her Falſhood, that he wou'd put her in a way no more to fear him. 'You miſtake me (ſays *Darbelle* to him) I have ſo great a deſire to afflict *Clitie*, that I will take care to preſerve my ſelf, and that I may the better effect it, I will be more cautious than you imagine; and ſince the Feaſt of which you ſpeak is to be publick, and the Ball free for all Maſquers, I ſee nothing I need fear, being well diſ-

guis'd. *La Rock* cou'd not contradict him, only put him in mind that his Disguise wou'd not be enough, if he had not great care in governing his Passions when he shou'd see *Clitie* and speak to her. He warranted all things, and wanted nothing but the Disguise that shou'd gain him his Admittance.

Darbelle thought he cou'd not invent a Dress that wou'd more afflict *Clitie*, than the Representation of one from the Dead; he imagin'd that one who was so guilty as she, wou'd be startled at the sight of a Ghost from the Shades below. He sent for a Tailor, to whom he gave direction what to do; and in a short time it was ready, it being a Dress of no great trouble and few Ornaments.

It was made of white Sattin, after the manner of a Vest, with large Sleeves of the same, and cover'd all over with a Veil of black Crape spotted all with white, which hung down to his Legs, which none cou'd see without some Apprehensions of Death.

La Rock disguis'd himself after another manner, for he intended to keep always by his Master, but pretended not to be of the same Company; and he had order'd him so to play his part, that still as *Dar-*

belle

belle was absent from *Clitie*, he shou'd be near her, and narrowly observe all her Actions and Behaviour.

All being now ready, and the Hour come, *Darbelle* went forth; yet ere he went, he had writ in a Paper four Verses that might help to terrifie her. All things went as they cou'd wish; *Darbelle* and *La Rock* arriv'd there, and separated themselves as they enter'd. *Darbelle* appear'd alone, and *La Rock* seem'd to joyn with another Company of Masquers: The Ball was begun ere they came; the Ladies of which it was composed, made a glorious and splendid Appearance; but above all the rest *Clitie*, who never in her life had dress'd her self so rich, and so much to her Advantage; she was so pleasant, so beautiful, and merry, that it wou'd have griev'd any one to have disturb'd her. The Prince her Husband was not there, being engag'd at play in another Company with the King.

Darbelle no sooner made his Entrance, but the whole Assembly were startled at his Disguise; there was not one of the Company, whom it made not for some time seem sad, especially after the manner of *Darbelle*'s personating it; some at the first took it for a Ghost indeed come from

the Grave to disturb their Ball, and put a stop to their Delights and Pleasures.

However he prudently conceal'd his Sentiments, and the Disguise he had on, was a necessary help to hide the Violence he did on himself to keep in his Passion. He took a Seat near to *Clitie*'s, and for a long time he fix'd his Eyes on her, without speaking a word, which she soon took notice of. But since Masquerades were design'd only for Adventures, she imagin'd this some Frolick that some Friend of hers had undertaken, and that she shou'd know the meaning of it the next day.

All this while *Darbelle*'s Eyes were fix'd on her, till he was taken out to dance by a very pleasant humour'd Lady who said to him, as she gave her hand, I long to have a Dance with Death. These words made him alter his posture; he perform'd the Dance with a mournful Air, but nevertheless with the greatest Grace that cou'd be, which made 'em all to understand he was a Ghost of some Quality.

After having paid his Devoirs to the Lady who had taken him out, he presented his Hand to *Clitie*, as the Mistress of the Ball, and danc'd with her; and as he was taking his leave of her to go to his

lace again, he ſlipt the Billet into her land, which he writ ere he came forth, in which were four Verſes. She was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd both at the boldneſs of the Ghoſt, and the oddneſs of the Adventures, but having no ſmall ſtock of Wiſdom, he thought fit to ſay nothing of it at that time, yet hop'd to be inform'd of the meaning on't ere the Sport was over; ſhe almoſt dy'd with Impatience to know the Contents of the Paper, juſt as one came and made his Addreſſes to her to dance with him, ſo that at preſent ſhe had no opportunity; ſhe pretended ſhe was weary, and that ſhe was able to dance nothing but a Courant, which was no ſooner ended, but ſhe ſlipt aſide into a Corner where there were but few Perſons of Quality, in reſpect of the other parts of the Room, and going up to a Wax-Taper, he open'd the Ghoſt's Letter, where ſhe read theſe four Verſes:

This Ghoſt thou ſeeſt was in thy Fetters ty'd,
By Falſhood and thy cruel Scorn he dy'd.
And to revenge his Wrongs, is hither come
To bear thee to thy everlaſting home.

When *Darbelle* writ these Verses h
counterfeited his Hand, but whether i
his haste or otherwise, he had not so per
fectly done it, but *Clitie* in the readin
saw some tracts of a Hand she had for
merly known, though she cou'd not pre
cisely say whose it was; she read the Ver
ses, and imagin'd he shou'd surely have
known the Hand. This capricious Ad
venture caus'd in her a thousand Thought
yet was she not able to conjecture whos
it shou'd be; she resolv'd to take mor
notice of the Actions of this Ghost, whos
Eyes were never off of hers; she look'd
upon his Stature and his Meen, but for he
life cou'd not guess who it was.

Having been a while in this musin
condition, she found a means to get nea
ser this Ghost which gave her so much
Curiosity, and whispering him, 'Is i
'long since you died, pray Mr. Ghost
'(says she to him) and may we not know
'in what Body you lost your life? I am
(answer'd the Ghost in a most lamentable
'sad tone) the Spirit of *Amasis*, whom
'*Darbelle* kill'd in order to your Com
mands. This Answer so surprizing
and so unexpected, that spoke of the un
fortunate *Darbelle* and *Amasis*, whose ve
ry Names awaken'd (all at once) such
cruel

cruel things in *Clitie*'s Soul, and so astonish'd her, that she cou'd not refrain from changing Colour; and fetching a deep sigh, she fell into a melancholy which held her all the rest of that Evening and the Night following. What is it (says she to her self) that I have just now heard concerning *Darbelle* and *Amasis*? But she had nothing to reply to the Ghost on this Subject for a long time; yet having observ'd he kept his Eyes still fix'd on hers, she entred into Conference a second time, (and said to him) 'You have pronounc'd the Names of two the most false 'and perfidious Men the Eye of Day ere 'look'd upon, and Heaven has been but 'just, if it has thrown them into ever-'lasting Torments (as you seem to intimate.) You do well for your own 'Credit to say so, (answers the Ghost) 'you who are the most ungrateful per-'son in the whole World, and the most 'unworthy to be so intirely belov'd, as you 'ever was by the unfortunate *Darbelle*. This Discourse yet more surpriz'd the Princess, since she fear'd the Ghost spoke nothing but Truth, touching the most important Adventures of her life; yet she cou'd not refrain making him this Answer: 'Ghost, you are very knowing, or

'(at leaſt) you imagine your ſelf ſo; but 'I pray you tell me what is the reaſon you 'take upon you to meddle in my Con-'cerns? And wherefore do you take the 'parts of *Darbelle* and *Amaſis* againſt me, 'who were ſo oppoſite in all things (du-'ring their Lives) to one another? Is it 'becauſe that ſince their Deaths they are 'reconcil'd in the other World, and have 'order'd you to come and tell me their 'Injuries in this? The Ghoſt took his turn now to be ſurpriz'd, hearing the Princeſs ſpeak of the Death and Falſhood of *Darbelle* to *Clitie*, who had always been ſo well treated by him, and who had always lov'd her ſo tenderly; however, he reſolv'd ſtill to diſguiſe the matter, and go on as he begun; ſo that taking up the Diſcourſe where the Princeſs left off; 'I 'cou'd pardon you (ſays he to her) the 'hate you have to the Ghoſt of *Amaſis*, 'which you ſee before you, and whom you 'your ſelf have caus'd to be kill'd; but 'for that of the unhappy *Darbelle*, where-'fore do you inſult over it, ſince he dy'd 'only for love of you? Is it not ſufficient, 'that by an Ingratitude and Falſhood (that 'has no parallel) you have violated the 'Faith you have given him, in hearkning 'to a Prince, with whom you fell in love,

'and

'and at last have married? What cou'd 'you imagine (ungrateful as you are) 'but that the unfortunate Lover (having 'once heard this News) cou'd do, but 'ease his Sorrows by his Death? He need 'not have been so much concern'd as you 'report of him, if he had been alive 'when I married, (answers the Princess) 'his beautiful Wife wou'd have been 'Comfort enough to him for greater trou-'bles than these. As the Princess had finish'd these words, there came a Company of Masquers of great Quality, extraordinary well habited, amongst which it was suppos'd the Prince *Alcander* was. These Masquers plac'd themselves about the Princess, and did not leave her during the rest of the Ball: she her self silenc'd the Violins as soon as she cou'd conveniently, to the end that all Parties might mix together the remainder of the Night. The Princess (in whose head the Ghost and his Discourse still run, and who was exceeding impatient to unriddle all that he had told her) not being able to comprehend the least thing of it, did what she cou'd not to go out of her own Lodgings, but it was not to be avoided; for these new Masquers were People of such great Quality, that she cou'd not deny

them, and was forc'd to go with them.

She had not the opportunity of ſpeaking any more to the Ghoſt, but in paſſing by him (ſhe ſaid) 'I deſire you, Mr. 'Ghoſt, not to go back to the other 'World, before you have viſited us once 'more; I will dance a Courant with you 'to morrow in this very place, where I 'will have Muſick on purpoſe. All fell a laughing to hear her ſpeak ſo to the Ghoſt, but ſhe turn'd it all to Raillery (ſaying) Truly, ſhe thought it but reaſonable to have a little pity on the poor dead, and to give them a little Diverſion. So the Ball broke up, and every one withdrew, *Darbelle* went out with the reſt, and having met with *La Rock*, they went home together. This Adventure furniſh'd them with matter enough to diſcourſe of, but let them do what they cou'd, they cou'd not apprehend any thing of the Princeſs's talk. Wherefore (ſays *Darbelle* to *La* 'Rock) does ſhe tell me of Death, Mar-'riage, and Falſhood? Is it of me ſhe 'ſpoke? Is there not ſome other *Dar-'belle* who lov'd her? Certainly it muſt be 'ſo, and all ſhe ſaid laſt Night was of a 'ſecond *Darbelle*, not ſo much as dream-'ing on the firſt, who has lov'd her ſo 'well, for elſe why ſhou'd ſhe (ſays he)

'go

'go about to perſwade me that I am 'dead, married, and falſe.

La Rock did all he cou'd to find out the meaning on't, but the more he endeavour'd, the leſs was he ſatisfy'd, ſo that they ſet up their Reſolution to wait the Reſult till the next day at the time ſhe appointed for their meeting again, where they hop'd they ſhou'd know all; for they both obſerv'd that the Princeſs was no leſs ſurpriz'd at the odneſs of the Adventure than themſelves, and that ſhe was loath to part from him, and that ſhe had made that ſecond appointment only to ſatisfie her Curioſity: It is certain, that ſhe was ſo much confounded with what ſhe heard, that ſhe was not her ſelf. She had heard that *Darbelle* dy'd for Love of her, and that was enough to give her Heart Inquietudes. On the other ſide, ſhe cou'd not ſuſpect the Ghoſt that gave her this Account, to be one of the ordinary Maſquers; he had told her things ſo ſecret and ſo true, and what ſhe believ'd no living perſon cou'd ever know, that it added to her Trouble; ſhe was ſo ſurpriz'd at the ſame time, that ſhe doubted if it were not a real Ghoſt that had appeared to her; ſhe was in great Frights and Agonies all that Night, and as it is uſual with us to

dream

dream of things which our minds have been fill'd with in the day-time: she had nothing all this Night but *Darbelle* in her Fancy, she saw him in a hundred Shapes, amongst the rest, that which so nearly touch'd her, was that of a weeping Lover dying, and reproaching her with Marriage, as the Ghost had done at the Ball. These Thoughts so disturb'd her, that she cou'd not rest all Night; and since she went late to bed, it being almost day, she made that a pretence not to quit it all the next day, that she might have the more liberty to consider what had happen'd, and by that means to conceal the Confusion she was in.

Darbelle fail'd not to send *La Rock* three or four times to inquire how she did, and being impatient to see her again, not being able, without much Trouble, to attend the time of the Ball, he wou'd needs write a Lettter to her to prepare her for what he intended to tell her the next Evening, and to double her Curiosity, that so she might be sure not to fail to meet at the time and place appointed; he caused this Letter to be deliver'd her by an unknown person, who was ignorant from whom he had it, and the place from whence it came. The Letter was in these words. Ma-

Madam,

THe dead have thoſe Priviledges the living are debarr'd, they go where they pleaſe inviſible; and it is by this means that Darbelle's *Ghoſt is with you at this preſent, reproaching you with your ſhameful Infidelity, and to let you know how falſe all thoſe Accuſations are wherewith you tax him, aſſuring you, that he never yet loved any perſon but your ſelf.*

This Letter being deliver'd, the Princeſs at the ſame time ſhe was profoundly muſing on *Darbelle*, not having any body with her, ſhe was ſo affrighted, that ſhe fanſied ſhe really ſaw him come from the other World to talk with her; but recovering her ſelf a little from the Fright, ſeriouſly conſider'd what the meaning of all this might be, but cou'd conclude on nothing. Thus ſhe paſs'd away all the reſt of the day; but in the Evening (that ſhe might be better inform'd in what ſhe ſaw ſo obſcure) ſhe ſent to invite a few of her choice Friends to come to her Houſe and hear the Violins: She gave orders to her People to let all that came in Maſquerade enter, (ſaying, ſhe hop'd it wou'd divert her.) The time was no

ſooner

ſooner come but *Darbelle* enters, but he no longer repreſented the Ghoſt; he had put on the Habit of a Shepherd, the moſt rich and ſplendid that ever was ſeen, having all things anſwerable that made up this Paſtoral Equipage: She knew him not at firſt, he having chang'd his Dreſs.

But *Darbelle* being one of great Curioſity, was willing to conceal himſelf at firſt, that he might obſerve her Behaviour, and to ſee whether or no ſhe had any Impatience to converſe with the Ghoſt: He was ſoon ſatisfy'd, for he perceiv'd the Princeſs obſerv'd every Maſquer with ſuch care and diligence, that he might eaſily gueſs her Heart had no ſmall diſquiet; ſhe always kept her Eye towards the Door, and the leaſt noiſe that was made either in coming in or going out, raiſed in her ſome new Curioſity, which was not without ſome ſatisfaction to *Darbelle*: But at laſt it was impoſſible that ſuch a Lover, who run all hazards to ſpeak with his Miſtreſs, wou'd any longer let ſlip ſo favourable an Occaſion. He approach'd the Princeſs, and ſaid to her; 'Madam, 'the Gods have ſent for the Ghoſt back 'again, who has given me charge to come 'hither to you, and in his behalf to tell 'you that he will never forgive you his

'Death,

'Death, nor the Sufferings you have 'caus'd him to indure for you. At theſe words the Princeſs look'd at him, ſurveying him from Head to Foot, and having well obſerv'd him, ſays to him; 'Whoever you be, I conjure you keep me no 'longer in ſuſpence, tell me what Intereſt 'you have in my perſon, and wherefore 'you ſpeak to me of *Darbelle*; I perceive 'well you have been his Confident, and 'that he has diſcover'd to you all the con'ſiderable Adventures of his Life; I'm 'ſure you have given me reaſon enough 'to think ſo: In ſhort, ſay what is it you 'wou'd ſpeak in his behalf; has he or'der'd you, as he was dying, to come 'to me and beg my pardon for all his 'Falſhoods?

Darbelle, by the help of his Diſguiſe, heard all ſhe ſaid without running any Riſque; but he was ſtrangely amaz'd at what he heard, however he judg'd it neceſſary ſtill to conceal himſelf, tho' he had enough to do to perform it; he made uſe of what the Princeſs had put in his Head, to clear himſelf; and ſpeaking to her as tho' he had really been the Confident of *Darbelle*, who at his Death he had commanded to come and find her out, and tell her what he wou'd have her underſtand.

derſtand. 'Madam (anſwers he) I 'perceive you already know ſome of thoſe 'things I have already told you, ſince you 'are not ignorant of *Darbelle*'s Death; 'but it appears you are but little concern'd 'at what has befaln him, ſince you brand 'him with perfidious, and of whom you 'ſpeak ſuch injurious things. I wou'd 'therefore let you underſtand (adds he) 'that all the while he was in *Tuſcany* I was 'his deareſt Friend; we lay together, and 'we conceal'd not the leaſt Secret from 'each other; you may well perceive he 'has not hid from me the Love you had 'for him; he wou'd talk to me of it a 'thouſand times a day, giving me a De-'ſcription of you; and it is as certain that 'he is now dead: But, Madam, you are 'the only Cauſe of it, every one of his 'Friends to whom he writ to ſend him 'News of you, told him you had deceiv'd 'him, and that you lov'd the Prince *Ly-'ſidor*, at which he was ſo much troubl'd, 'that it caſt him into a fit of Sickneſs, 'from which when he had a little reco-'vered, and that he had taken a Reſolu-'tion to come hither in perſon, and kill 'his Rival, he underſtood by his Friends 'Letters that you had married him. At 'this ſecond cruel News he fell ſo vio-

lently

'lently ſick, that his Deſpair in two days 'finiſh'd his life.

'When he was breathing his laſt, he 'implor'd me with ſuch words mingled 'with Sighs and Tears (that I cannot re-'count them without a moſt ſenſible Af-'fliction) that I wou'd come and ſeek 'you out, and tell you, that for love of 'you he dy'd; and charg'd me at the 'ſame time to accuſe you of Infidelity.

The Princeſs when ſhe ſaw he had fi-niſh'd his Diſcourſe (anſwer'd) 'Sir, if 'you had been ſincere, you wou'd have 'added to what you have ſaid, and have 'told me that he was married in *Tuſcany* 'to one, who he ſo intirely lov'd, that he 'no more thought on me, than if I had 'never been; perhaps he imagin'd the di-'ſtance of the places wou'd hinder me 'from prying into theſe ſort of Affairs; 'but I am not ſo eaſily deceiv'd as you be-'lieve: And for my part (goes ſhe on) 'I cannot yet apprehend that he has re-'pented him of the Misfortunes he has 'made me ſuffer, by his deſiring you to 'tell me that he always lov'd me.

Darbelle (hearing the Princeſs ſay this) was ready to die with a deſire to diſco-ver himſelf, and know the depth of all theſe Myſteries; but he fear'd he ſhou'd

ſpoil

ſpoil all, in the Circumſtances in which he ſtood with her; he was willing to diſabuſe her firſt (he took on him then the Diſcourſe, ſaying to her) 'Madam, theſe 'are all meer Inventions you have told me, 'which you ought not to believe againſt 'the poor *Darbelle*; I have told you already that I was with him all the time he 'liv'd in *Tuſcany*, and what I have told 'you of his Love to you, is a moſt infallible Certainty: As for a Wife, alas, Ma'dam! he never had any, and I am ſure 'that for the love of you, he wou'd have 'refus'd the moſt beautiful, and the great'eſt Queen in the World: But, Madam, 'be ingenious, and acknowledge that the 'Crime you lay to his Charge, is but to 'excuſe your ſelf for what you have done 'contrary to your Faith and Promiſe, 'which was never to marry any but him'ſelf.

'Sir, I find you know me not (anſwers the Princeſs ſharply) if you believe 'what you ſay; but let us talk no longer 'of him (ſays ſhe, fetching a deep ſigh 'from the very bottom of her Heart) '*Darbelle* is dead, and I am married. She cou'd not refrain ſhedding ſome Tears at theſe words, and in the Rage and Shame that ſhe conceiv'd, ſhe left *Darbelle* abruptly,

ly, who was now alone, ruminating on what the Princeſs had ſaid to him, which gave him greater Aſtoniſhment and Perplexity than what he had before; he queſtion'd whether the Princeſs was in earneſt or no, when ſhe accus'd him of Marriage, and for his life cou'd not gueſs the right meaning on't. All this while Love had got the aſcendant of him, and he cou'd now no longer counterfeit; he beheld the Princeſs more beautiful than ever, and her Diſcourſe had diſarm'd him of much of the Averſion he had conceiv'd againſt her, he began to excuſe her: yet after all, he was not the leſs unhappy, ſince he had loſt all hopes of ever injoying her, knowing her to excel in Vertue, and one who wou'd never exceed the bounds of Duty and Honour.

Having a while conſider'd theſe things, he addreſſes himſelf to her a ſecond time (ſaying) 'Madam, I have but one day 'longer to ſtay in this place, and I have yet an hundred things to tell you ere I can diſcharge my ſelf of the Commands the poor *Darbelle* gave me at his Death. I humbly intreat you wou'd not refuſe me one Meeting more, where I may acquit my ſelf, and perform his Will. She told him he might come to her Houſe the next day,

where he ſhou'd have the liberty of diſcourſing to her alone. 'I am much troubled, Madam, (replies our Maſquer) 'that I cannot be ſo happy as to wait on 'you at your own Lodgings, as you have 'commanded me, therefore I humbly re-'queſt you would permit me to pay my 'Duty to you in ſome other place, for 'many Reaſons which now I cannot tell you. The Princeſs was ſurpriz'd at this Diſcourſe, nevertheleſs having thought of a convenient place, 'I will (ſays ſhe to 'him) grant what you deſire; meet me 'to-morrow at the Theatre in the ſecond 'Box, where we ſhall have liberty to talk 'without being known, I will not fail to 'be there, attended only by one of my Women. As ſoon as ſhe had ſaid this, ſhe mingled into the Company of ſeveral Ladies of her Acquaintaince, not giving *Darbelle* any opportunity of ſpeaking to her any more. After they parted, *Darbelle* return'd to his Lodging, the moſt amorous, impatient, and moſt afflicted of men.

The next day he fail'd not to be at the Play-houſe above three hours ere any body elſe came there; he thought it convenient to let *La Rock* ſpeak to the Princeſs when ſhe firſt came in, as tho' he had

been

been the ſame perſon whom ſhe had been talking with the preceeding days: He cou'd not appear there in a Diſguiſe, and therefore he cou'd not ſo well act his own part. He inſtructed *La Rock* therefore in all that he had to ſay to her, and order'd him as ſoon as he had thoroughly perſwaded her of every thing he had a mind ſhe ſhou'd know, to make ſome pretence or other to leave her, and that he himſelf wou'd ſupply his place, and there lay his Heart open to her; and the better to carry on their Deſign, they dreſs'd themſelves both ſo like, that none cou'd diſtinguiſh between them.

Having thus order'd every thing, he made *La Rock* ſit in the place which the Princeſs had appointed, retiring himſelf at a little diſtance that he might not be perceiv'd. The Princeſs cou'd not but ſhew her Impatience by the haſte ſhe made to go to her Aſſignation, where ſhe believ'd ſhe ſhou'd be inform'd of a thouſand things, which had given her ſo much trouble, and of which ſhe had ſo great a deſire to be inform'd. She came (accompanied only with one Woman) in a careleſs Undreſs, with a Scarf that almoſt cover'd her all over: As ſoon as ſhe enter'd, ſhe ſaw a ſingle man whom ſhe judg'd to be the Party

ty whom she sought; but at the same time I know not what of Fear possess'd her Soul which set her a trembling all over; nevertheless she advanced towards him, and took her seat just before *La Rock*, having first paid him the common Civility. *La Rock*, who knew her, altho' she knew not him, having a good Wit, thank'd her for the Honour she had done him, with a low bow, and supposing it not amiss to begin their Conversation with some indifferent Discourse (wherewith those sort of places easily furnish'd every body) 'Madam, (says he) I believe you will 'think the time long (if you are not en- 'dued with a great deal of Patience) be- 'fore you hear the Musick, or have any 'Diversion, which never begins so early. The Princess who apprehended she was mistaken, and that this was not the man whom she expected, was a little surpriz'd when she heard him talk thus, imagining that if this had been the person whom she look'd for, he wou'd have taken up the same Discourse they were on the day before; she answer'd him nevertheless in the same manner he had spoke to her, in civil and obliging words. But *La Rock* perceiving the Princess to eye him well, and sought to be inform'd of other things than

what

what they were talking of, began his Diſcourſe after this manner: 'For my 'own part, Madam, I have ſo much rea- 'ſon to hate the World and all its Plea- 'ſures, not to come to this place. But 'Madam (continues he) the Ghoſt which 'you ſaw at the Ball two days ago, haunts 'me every where to give you an Account 'of your Injuſtice and Infidelity; tell me 'therefore I beſeech you, why you have 'deceiv'd *Darbelle*, and with what Rea- 'ſons you can pretend ever to excuſe your 'ſelf of the Contempt you have of him? 'Is it not ſufficient that he has dy'd of 'Love and Deſpair, hearing of your Mar- 'riage, without giving the utmoſt Marks 'of your Hatred in blaſting the very Me- 'mory, as you do, of one who died ſo 'innocent?

Clitie hearkning to what *La Rock* ſaid to her, with great impatience, cou'd no longer endure his Reproaches, but aſſum'd the Diſcourſe (and ſaid to him) 'I 'know not who you are, but theſe two 'days paſt I have ſuffer'd all that you 'have entertain'd me with of the greateſt 'Secrets of my Life, and now I have met 'you according to your deſire, I wou'd 'willingly run yet a farther hazard, and 'tell you ſomething that yet you know not,

'not, provided (that on the other ſide)
'you inform me likewiſe of all thoſe
'things which give me ſo much Inquie-
'tude, and have rais'd in me this Curioſi-
'ty. Tell me then (ſays ſhe) what was
'the true Cauſe of *Darbelle*'s Death, for
'you have been at too great Charges and
'Pains in travelling ſo far to tell me things
'ſo contrary to Truth. What Devil was
'aſſiſting at his Death, that yet inſpir'd
'him to deceive, even to the Grave? And
'you that talk to me, and aſperſe me with
'Falſhood and Ingratitude, how dare you
'ſay he lov'd none but me all the while he
'was in *Tuſcany*, when he who proteſted
'to me by his Letters of an Eternal Love,
'at the ſame time paid all his Adorations
'to a Lady in *Florence*, whom he married,
'without giving me the leaſt notice of any
'thing that might reſolve me why he
'made ſo ſudden a Change?

'*Darbelle* married! (anſwers *La Rock*)
'Ah, Madam! I ſwear, I ſwear to you by
'all that's good and ſacred, it is not ſo
'and if you wou'd give me leave to ac-
'quaint you what Pleaſures, and what
'Troubles he has had during his Exile,
'wou'd tell you he never had any Satiſ-
'faction or Content, but when he receiv'd
'your Letters, and that he gave himſelf
up

'up to all the Torments of Deſpair when 'he wanted them; all the words that can 'expreſs the moſt intollerable Pain, can-'not make you ſenſible of thoſe that he en-'dur'd when he ſaw that you forgot him, 'he complain'd Night and Day of the ſe-'verity of his Fortune. But, Madam, it 'was in ſo moving a manner, that I (who 'was Witneſs to it, as well as Confident 'of his Amours) ſwear to you I had not 'the power to hinder my ſelf from being 'ſenſible of his Afflictions, and ſhare with 'him in all his Troubles.

'What! (replies the Princeſs) is not '*Darbelle* married in *Florence*? Is he not 'Favourite to the Grand Duke? And (in 'a word) was he not eſtabliſh'd in that 'Place with hopes to ſpend the remainder 'of his days there? No, Madam, (ſays '*La Rock* to her) nothing of all that you 'have ſaid is true, and he never had any 'other Imployment (in a long ſolatary 'Houſe (whither he had retir'd himſelf) 'about three Miles from *Florence*) but to 'think on you, and to ſigh and grieve for 'your Abſence Night and Day, which 'perhaps ere long you will believe. In ſpeaking theſe words he roſe, and deſir'd 'he Princeſs to give him leave to ſpeak to 'is Page, who he had ſent about buſineſs,

and waited there to return him an An
ſwer. No ſooner had he left his place, bu
the Princeſs fell into a great Confuſion
by what ſhe had underſtood from him
that ſhe cou'd not recover her ſelf.

She enter'd into a deep muſing, ſo tha
ſhe ſeem'd immoveable; ſhe lean'd again
one of the ſides of the Theatre, rumi
nating of a thouſand things one after a
nother, and knew not what ſhe ſhou'd be
lieve. *Mariana*'s Brother had ſeen *Dar*
belle married, and *La Rock* ſwears he ne
ver was, but that he had always lov'
her moſt tenderly; ſhe conſider'd tha
Mariana's Brother's Aſſertions were th
Foundations why ſhe her ſelf had marrie
which was the Occaſion of *Darbelle*
Death, after ſhe had been the Cauſe of h
Misfortunes: Calling to mind all the
afflicting Adventures, ſhe cou'd not re
frain pouring down Floods of Tears, an
giving her ſelf up to an exceſs of Sorro
which had took poſſeſſion of her Heart.

La Rock, who had order from his Ma
ſter to leave his place to him, after h
had ſatisfy'd the Princeſs of his Innocenc
and made his Fidelity appear, return'd
give him an Account of what he ha
done, and in what Condition he had le
her, telling him ſhe was now more pe

ſwade

ſwaded of his Death than ever, inſomuch that this poor Lover dying with Impatience to diſcourſe with her, with his Heart lay'd open, cou'd ſtay no longer, but went and ſupply'd *La Rock*'s place. In this obſcure place the Princeſs having pull'd down her Hoods to hide her Tears, ſo that *Darbelle* had no great Difficulty to keep himſelf unknown to her for ſome time. She was plung'd into ſo deep a ſtudy, that *Darbelle* was forc'd to draw her out of it by ſpeaking thus to her; 'Ah, Madam! what may be the cauſe of 'all theſe Tears you ſhed? They wou'd 'accuſe a Heart (leſs barbarous than 'yours) of Love? But after having made '*Darbelle* die for Love and Deſpair, I can 'never believe that you cou'd ever be 'troubled for ſuch a one as he. The Princeſs at theſe words ſtartled (as one new waken'd out of a dreadful Dream) remaining ſtill leaning on the Pillaſter that was by her, ſuppoſing him ſtill the ſame perſon that had ſpoke to her before, anſwer'd him; 'You but ill know my 'Heart, which you ſo accuſe of Infidelity, 'and I ſhou'd be ſtill happy, did not my 'Love (in ſpite of me) yet ſeek for the 'dead, even to the Grave. Alas! (con-'tinued ſhe) *Darbelle* of whom you ſpeak

'to me, is paſt ſeeing, and notwithſtand-
'ing all the Care and Pains you have ta-
'ken to juſtifie him, I know too well he
'is falſe and ungrateful, yet nevertheleſs
'his cruel Idea ſtill haunts me every where.
'Believe not (adds ſhe) that I wou'd
'confeſs my weakneſs, if I ever thought
'he could ſee me again; for, alas! he is
'dead; and cou'd I give the leaſt credit
'to what you have told me of him, or
'that he dy'd for love of me, I know not
'the thing in the World that cou'd afford
'me the leaſt Conſolation.

Darbelle, who heard her ſpeak, found ſo much Sincerity and Truth in her words, that inſtead of anſwering her as *La Rock* had always done, at the ſame moment felt ſuch an Extremity of Grief, that it almoſt kill'd him; nor cou'd he refrain from burſting out in Tears. The Princeſs who found ſomething more than ordinary in his ſilence, lifted her Hoods a little up, and having perceiv'd *Darbelle* to weep, who ſtill ſhe took for *La Rock*, 'Certainly
'(ſays ſhe) *Darbelle* is very happy in
'having ſuch a faithful Friend as you, who
'ſo much intereſt your ſelf in things that
'perhaps have hardly ever concern'd him.
'What wou'd you (ungrateful as you are,
'replies *Darbelle*) kill him yet a ſecond
'time?

'time? O moſt cruel Woman! ſatisfie 'your Malice in looking on his Blood that 'ſhall be added to what you have already 'ſpilt. In ſaying theſe words, he drew out his Sword to have pierc'd his own Heart, but the Princeſs, all in a fright, threw her ſelf about him, not yet knowing who he was, being in the ſame Dreſs with *La Rock*, whoſe Face ſhe had ſeen while he had diſcours'd with her, till the Tranſports and the Words he utter'd made her take more notice of him, who now ſhe knew to be *Darbelle* himſelf. She ſhriek'd out, and ſtepping back to avoid him, ſhe fell down, being obſtructed by the Bench which was behind her.

By good fortune there was not any body come yet into the place where they were, that might obſerve what paſs'd. The Princeſs being thus fallen down, ſwooned with the Fright and Surprize, which ſhe had to ſee *Darbelle* before her Eyes, who ſo long ſhe had imagin'd dead, oblig'd *Darbelle* to think of nothing but to help her; but it was impoſſible ſo ſoon to bring her to her Senſes, and to recover her, the ſight of *Darbelle* alive had ſtruck her to the Heart with mortal Wounds. She continued in this Condition for more than half an Hour; the Woman who ſhe

brought with her came to her, and joyn'd her Endeavours to those of *Darbelle* and *La Rock*, not knowing the Cause of her Lady's Disorder.

At last after some time the Princess open'd her Eyes, and looking first round about her, she fix'd them stedfastly upon *Darbelle*, gazing on him to be inform'd if what she saw was Truth; but having well consider'd him, she let her Head fall negligently, which she rested on her Hand. *Darbelle* bid *La Rock* retire, that so the Princess's Woman might do the like; which was soon perform'd; and *La Rock* went some distance from them, with the Woman that came with *Clitie*, who he entertain'd with Discourse. *Darbelle* seeing himself alone with the Princess, took up the Discourse, and said to her;

'Where are those happy minutes, Ma-
'dam? How far have you banished from
'me, which you said you wou'd employ
'upon all occasions to see and speak to me?
'Alas! What have I done since that time,
'and what Crime have I been guilty of
'that you shou'd run the hazard of your
'life to shun my presence? Speak (un-
'grateful fair) and tell me why you have
'so unworthily deserted me? Reproach
'me now with those Perfidies with which

these

'theſe three days paſt you have made a 'pretence only to excuſe your own Fal-'ſhood: Pray tell me to whom I am mar-'ried, as you wou'd perſwade me; and to 'whom have I ever offer'd a Heart that I 'have carefully (tho' to no purpoſe) re-'ſerv'd for you alone?

Darbelle pronounc'd theſe words with a tone in which Anger and Love had equal ſhares, that the Princeſs was quite aſto-niſh'd. But the greateſt Emotion that the preſence of *Darbelle* had rais'd in her heart, turn'd all to Joy, of that Joy which ſhe had to ſee him yet alive, who ſhe ſo long believ'd to be dead, nor cou'd hinder her ſelf from giving him marks of it; where-fore (without ſtudying any Anſwer to his Reproaches, nor concealing thoſe Senti-ments which her Duty perhaps wou'd have made her diſſemble at another time, ſhe ſaid to him) 'Ah, *Darbelle!* is it your 'ſelf that I ſee? and may I be aſſur'd 'tis 'not ſome Phantome that repreſents it ſelf 'to me? Yes, Madam, (anſwer'd *Dar-'belle*) I am yet living, but now I am ten 'thouſand times more miſerable than had 'I died, ſince I am ten thouſand times 'more amorous.

The End of the Second Part.

CLITIE.
A
NOVEL.

The third and laſt Part, being an Addition to the two firſt Parts.

IT was ſome conſiderable time ere the Princeſs cou'd believe *Darbelle* was alive, altho' ſhe ſaw him before her Face; ſhe had form'd ſuch ſtrong Idea's of his Death, that he himſelf cou'd ſcarcely make her ſenſible he liv'd. They gaz'd upon each other for a while, and the Emotions of their Souls were ſo violent and ſudden, that they hardly knew where they were, or what they did.

But if *Darbelle* was amaz'd to hear her ask if ſtill he liv'd, the Princeſs was no leſs confus'd, a thouſand Thoughts were crouding to get entrance into her Heart, and her Tears and Sighs increas'd the cruel Tempeſt, and nothing but a total wreck cou'd be expected: A ſecond time ſhe falls into a Swoon, nor cou'd *Darbelle* with the aſſiſtance of *La Rock* and *Celia* (*Clitie*'s Woman) with all their Care and beſt Endeavours call her life back to its fair Habitation: at laſt it was concluded (leſt the preſs of People who were now coming in, ſhou'd ſee her in this condition) that they ſhou'd carry her unto her Coach, and ſend her home with her Woman; nor did *Darbelle* fail to be by her on foot (meeting many of his Enemies, who tho' they knew him not, made him ſuſpect they did) even to the Princeſs's Lodgings, where her Husband and ſeveral other Noblemen were coming forth to go wait upon the King to the Play-houſe.

La Rock having his mind more diſingag'd than *Darbelle*, told him the hazard he was in of being known, and that this raſh proceeding wou'd be a means to deliver him into the Hands of thoſe who wou'd not fail to take his life; beſides, he repre-

repreſented to him the Danger to which he expos'd the Princeſs, ſhou'd he be found with her, who in the eſtate in which ſhe was, cou'd no ways be capable at preſent of giving him any further ſatisfaction. But *Darbelle* was deaf to all his Arguments, nor wou'd he ſtir until he had ſeen the Princeſs once again, who by this time (what with the ſhogging of the Coach, and *Celia*'s care) was a little recovered, and looking about her ſaw the diſconſolate *Darbelle* by her Coach ſide; ſhe rous'd her drooping Spirits, and was about to ſpeak at the ſame moment he prevented her (ſaying) 'Madam, I find the 'ſight of me is grievous to you, and I 'cou'd wiſh my Deſtiny had been ſo kind 'to have let me had that Death you ſpoke 'of, rather than let me live a life that's 'burdenſome to all that know me. She interrupted him here, and in a ſoft and mournful tone, her Eyes diſtilling Tears on her fair lovely Cheeks, and with looks ſo ſad and languiſhing, ſhe ſaid:

'*Darbelle*, expoſe not thus a Life which 'Heaven is pleas'd to ſave, a Life more 'pretious far than all the Joys on Earth; 'and if you love me ſtill, (as I have cauſe 'enough to think) preſerve it till we 'have unravell'd this great Myſtery; I

can

'can no more at preſent, but ere long I'le 'ſend you farther orders what to do; I 'ſee the Prince is going to the Play, and 'ſhou'd he find us two together, the Con-'ſequence I fear wou'd prove too fatal, 'both to our Lives and Honours.

Darbelle was all Obedience, and leſt they ſhou'd be ſurpriz'd ſpeaking together, left her entring into her Apartment, and haſten'd home to his. No ſooner was he got into his Chamber with *La Rock*, but he threw himſelf upon his Bed, where for above an hour he lay without the leaſt ſign of Life, till (at length) by the Aſſiſtance of *La Rock*, he began to open his Eyes, from whence whole floods of tears did flow.

'O, *La Rock!* (ſaid he) was ever any 'Miſery like to mine? What ſhall I do? 'what will become of me? O lovely Char-'mer! (goes he on) there needed not 'this laſt Affliction; why wou'd you have 'me ſtill preſerve a Life ſo full of Woes and Griefs? Then ceas'd a while; and after a ſmall pauſe, which multitudes of Sighs did cauſe, he began to rave, and cry'd, 'O you immortal Powers! what 'do you mean! Can Heaven be Heaven? 'Can it be the Throne of Mercy, and yet 'not ſhew one glimpſe of it to me? Has 'Juſtice baniſh'd thence all other Attri-

'butes,

'butes, and that bright ſparkling Roof 'beſet with Golden Characters of Light, 'has it not one, not one propitious Star 'for me? Muſt I be ſtill the Mark at which 'you level all your Vengeance? But, oh! 'why name I you who ſilently look on and 'ſee the Sport and Reaks my Fortune 'plays me?

La Rock, while his Tranſports were thus furious, thought it convenient not to interrupt them, but ſtood a mute Spectator of his Maſter's Paſſion, who having been ſilent for a time (his Grief and Anguiſh ſtifling all his words, lay rankling at his Heart) ſteps to his Bed-ſide, and with all the reaſon he cou'd urge, endeavour'd to allay his Trouble: 'What (ſays he to 'him) is become of all your Courage? 'and whither is your Patience flown? 'Patience is ſtale (replies he) and I am 'weary of it, my paſſive Fortitude has 'quite forſaken me, and nothing but de-'ſpair ſupplies its place. At leaſt (an-'ſwers *La Rock*) preſerve your ſelf till 'you have found out the Cauſe of all theſe 'Troubles; my mind ſtill tells me *Clitie* 'is not ſo much to blame as you imagine, 'and 'tis moſt certain there has been foul 'Play us'd to both of you; her laſt words 'to you were not like thoſe of Hate, but

rather

'rather (might I judge) of Love and 'Pity; and 'tis not impoſſible but Heaven 'may have yet in ſtore a milder Fortune 'for you: Wherefore once more look up, 'and hope the beſt, for worſe cannot befal 'you.

'O, *La Rock!* (ſays he, taking him by 'the Hand) theſe words imply you are the 'beſt of Friends, but they can never eaſe 'my Heart; they are to me as Cordials to 'a breathleſs Corps, and Fate has ſet me 'beyond the reach of Comfort: Heaven, 'my Friends, *Clitie*, and Hope it ſelf, 'have all deſerted me; cou'd I admit the 'ſmalleſt Hope, I yet were happy; but 'alas! that Bladder that ſhou'd buoy up 'the ſinking man, with me is burſt, and 'leaves me in the Ocean of my Miſeries, 'tis the laſt thing leaves us but our Lives; 'but Life is forc'd upon me ſtill to aug-'ment my wretched State; ſhou'd *Clitie* '(as you would perſwade me) love me 'ſtill, what Profit will it afford me? She 'is anothers now, and I muſt ne'er expect 'to ſee her more.

The poor afflicted Princeſs was no ſooner got into her Chamber, but ſhe went to Bed, watring her Pillow with thoſe ſtreams of Tears which fell from her fair Eyes. She began to reflect on this laſt

Adventure

Adventure, 'Darbelle ſtill lives (ſays ſhe 'to her ſelf) and, as he ſays, (and I, alas! 'too late believe) is conſtant ſtill. What 'Demon (envious of our Loves) contriv'd 'ſuch falſe Reports? And curſt Adraſte, 'what more helliſh Devil cou'd make thee 'tell me that thou ſaweſt him married? Thus for ſome time ſhe wou'd take the unfortunate Darbelle's part, when in an inſtant all her thoughts wou'd change, (and ſhe wou'd ſay) 'What tho' he does live, 'may he not yet be married? 'Tis true, I 'had no Witneſs of his Death, but bare 'Report, but of his Falſhood, I have Ad-'raſte, Mariana's Brother, who in Florence 'ſaw him with his Wife, and whoſe Por-'trait yet lies by me; wherefore then 'ſhou'd I afflict my ſelf for one ſo falſe and 'treacherous, no! let him go back again 'to Florence, there he will find relief, and 'in his Spouſe's Arms forget his Troubles. Theſe Thoughts prevail'd a while, yet (maugre all) ſhe cou'd not think a man ſo guilty (as he ſeem'd to be) wou'd leave his Wife, Employments, and the Favour of the great Duke, and run the hazards of ſo long a Journey, nay, and his Life to boot to come to Paris, unleſs it were to clear himſelf. She cou'd fix ſatisfied on nothing, but with the Im-

patience

patience she had to be better satisfied, early in the Morning she sent for *Mariana*, who suspecting nothing of the business, came to wait on her; but no sooner did she enter, but the Princess's Blood rose all in Blushes on her Cheeks, and I know not what of shivering possess'd her Heart.

They being alone, she made her sit down upon a Couch by her, then in a low and lamentable tone she told her all that had happen'd since *Darbelle* came to *Paris*, and that he was return'd again alive and unmarried, and that her Brother had deceiv'd them all. *Mariana* was not a little surpriz'd at this Relation, however she conceal'd her Sentiments, and assum'd the Discourse; 'Can it be possible, Ma-'dam (says she) that what you say is 'truth, and are you confident you are not 'abus'd? Yes, *Mariana* (answers the 'Princess) I am abus'd, and so is he, but 'who has done this piece of Wickedness, 'is yet to me a Mystery. *Mariana* was glad to hear her say this, and seeing she did not in the least mistrust her (since she had so freely discover'd to her all her Adventures with *Darbelle*, and his return to *Paris*) and remembring that *Machivillian* Maxim, That those who begin in sin, must never quit that Road till they have reach'd

their

their Journey's end,) ſeem'd to be much concern'd; and fearing leſt the Princeſs ſhou'd ſend for *Adraſte*, and by Gold and Preſents get the Truth out of him (for ſhe knew him to be one who would boggle at nothing, if Gold were the Reward) told the Princeſs that ſhe wou'd write to her Brother, who ſhe pretended was gone into *England* with the Embaſſadour, and know the truth, and wou'd leave no means unattempted to ſound the very bottom of this buſineſs.

They had many other Diſcourſes concerning this Adventure, when *Mariana* pretended urgent buſineſs, and took her leave, promiſing to come and ſee her again next day, in the mean time ſhe wou'd conſider about what was beſt to be done in an affair of ſuch great Conſequence.

She no ſooner quits the Princeſs, but with all the Wings that Fear cou'd lend her, ſhe flew to find out *Lyſidor*, who ſhe acquainted with the whole matter. The Prince when he firſt heard it, was no leſs amaz'd at it, than ſhe had been; but having well conſider'd every thing, he order'd her to meet him in the Evening at a certain place which he appointed, in the mean time to keep all ſecret, and to go back again to the Princeſs, and endeavour

all

all she cou'd to wheedle out of her *Darbelle*'s abode, whose Blood he told her, shou'd wash all clean again.

Mariana left him, but it was not in her power to quit the horror of her Guilt, she now began to apprehend a fatal Consequence from all her Treachery had done, and had she not been married and with Child, wou'd have discover'd the Deceit to the Princess, and have made Atonement with her own Life; but her Heart was harden'd, and it was now too late to repent. She doubted not but if she cou'd contrive some means to send her Brother out of the Kingdom ere the Princess cou'd speak to him, all might do well enough yet. Upon which consideration she sends word to her Brother to come to her with all speed, but by good fortune the Messenger who she sent, found him not at home.

As soon as *Mariana* had parted from the Prince, he began to think what Course he shou'd steer, and after many Contrivances he found none so expedient as the private making away *Darbelle*, and none so proper to effect the business as *Mariana*'s Brother, who had so much injur'd him, that it was impossible he wou'd ever pardon him; therefore sending a Lacquey

to

to *Adraſte*'s Lodging, and not finding him at home, he gave him orders to ſeek him out, and bid him come to him, which was ſoon perform'd. And *Adraſte* having already felt the Bounty of the Prince, was not ſlack in making what haſte he cou'd to receive his Commands. The Prince had on purpoſe taken Coach to go abroad and air himſelf, and had told the Meſſenger who he had ſent for *Adraſte*, where he ſhou'd meet him.

The Lacquey perform'd his Maſter's orders ſo well, that in leſs than an Hour, he brought him to the Prince, who at his firſt ſeeing him, ran to him, and embracing him; 'Adraſte (ſays he) I am al-'ready infinitely obliged to you, and you 'are a man on whom I ſhall make it my 'ſtudy to ſhew all marks of Favour to, 'that I am able; and I doubt not in the 'leaſt but you will deſerve more than I ſhall 'be capable of beſtowing. *Adraſte* wonder'd at this unuſual Diſcourſe of the Prince, (and with a low bow, replies) 'Sir, I wiſh it lay in my power to deſerve 'theſe Favours you are pleas'd to ſpeak 'of, at your Hands; and the ſmall ſervice 'I have tender'd you, your goodneſs has 'already largely rewarded: But (goes he 'on) if the Life, or all the Fortune I have,

'have, will make me any ways further ser-
'viceable to your Highneſs, you may com-
'mand me as your humble Vaſſal.

'No more, *Adraſte* (replies the Prince)
'I am ſufficiently ſatisfied of your Power,
'and all I deſire of you now, is the Will
'to put that Power in Execution, not ſo
'much for my ſake, as for your own fu-
'ture ſafety: For know *Darbelle* is re-
'turn'd to *Paris*, and has already ſpoken
'to the Princeſs, but neither of them ap-
'prehend as yet the Cheat that has been
'put upon them, nor muſt they; for 'tis
'moſt certain when he comes to under-
'ſtand the Trick you have plaid him, in
'averring that you ſaw him married in
'*Florence*, your Life muſt be the Offering
'to atone his Rage and Revenge. There-
'fore for the preſent be not ſeen abroad,
'but conceal your ſelf in a place where I
'ſhall appoint you, till I get Information
'where he is, and put you in a way of ſe-
'curing your own life, and my quiet; and
'here are five hundred Piſtols in part of
'what you may expect when I can hear
'you ſay *Darbelle* is no more.

Adraſte was much ſurpriz'd at theſe Propoſals of the Prince; but conſidering there were no other means for his ſafety than by *Darbelle*'s Death, and how eaſily

it

it might be done without any Diſcovery; but above all, the five hundred Piſtols in hand, and a Promiſe of as many more when the Deed ſhou'd be done, return'd him this Anſwer; 'Your Highneſs is ſo 'generous and obliging, that my Life and 'all that I have, are no longer mine, than 'while they are employ'd in performing 'your Commands, which here I ſwear as 'ſoon as poſſible I can, to execute; let me 'but know where this Diſturber of your 'Peace and Quiet is, and I will quickly 'eaſe you of your trouble. Having ſaid this, the Prince aſſur'd him of his Friendſhip, and both went into his Coach, which convey'd *Adraſte* to a private place to lie *incognito* till further Orders.

After this the Prince went home to his Apartment, and inquiring after the Princeſs, he was inform'd ſhe was not well, and kept her Chamber: The Prince ſeem'd to take no notice of it (tho' he knew well enough the cauſe of her Malady) but made her a Viſit after his uſual manner, and was taking his leave juſt as *Celia* enters and whiſper'd her Lady, of which the Prince took no ſmall notice, ſuſpecting it was ſomething that concern'd *Darbelle* (as indeed it prov'd) however he kept on his way as tho he was the

the leaſt concern'd in it, but calling to a Lacquey that was by him, gave him ſtrict orders to watch *Celia* when ſhe came out of the Princeſs's Chamber, and to obſerve whither ſhe went, what ſhe did, and with whom ſhe ſhould ſpeak, and if it hapned to be any man, that he ſhould carefully dog him home to his Lodging, and to make the moſt exact and ſecret Enquiry that he cou'd to learn who he was, and return him a faithful Account.

The Prince's Suſpicions were not to little purpoſe, for ſhe came to acquaint her Miſtreſs, That one of the Gentlemen that were with her at the Play-houſe the laſt night, was walking in a little Orchard behind the Houſe, and came from his Maſter to enquire her Health, and receive her Commands.

The Princeſs had before given *Celia* private orders to watch when any one ſhou'd inquire for her, and to inform her of it, who had for that purpoſe writ a Letter which ſhe deſign'd the firſt opportunity ſhou'd be deliver'd to *Darbelle*, which ſhe put into her Pocket; and after ſome time, muſing and walking about the Room, ſhe went down with a pretence to walk in the Gardens, and take the air; *Celia* follow'd her to give her notice where he attended,

tended, and the Prince's Lacquey followed her to give his Lord notice who he was.

She went not directly to the place, nor did our Spie directly follow them; but the Princeſs having taken a turn or two in one Walk, went to another, from thence to a third, till at laſt as tho' not deſign'd, ſhe came to the place where *La Rock* waited, who no ſooner ſaw her, but ſeem'd as tho' he wou'd have retir'd to give way to the Princeſs's more private walking, who looking round about her, ſaw none but her Woman, bid him ſtay; this while the cunning Lacquey had hid himſelf behind a thick Hedge, where he cou'd ſee all that paſſed, yet be conceal'd that none cou'd ſee him.

The Princeſs who knew ſhe had no long time to ſtay there, it being a place where moſt of the ordinary ſort of thoſe who belong'd to the Palace us'd to recreate themſelves, walk'd by him, and ſlipt into his hand the Letter ſhe had before prepar'd. She inquir'd after his Health, bid *La Rock* tell him, if his Maſter thought it convenient to let her know his abode, ſhe wou'd ſend the faithful *Mariana* to him, who wou'd be no ſmall aſſiſtance to them in the finding out the Foundation of

both

both their Misfortunes. *La Rock* with all Reverence took his leave of her, and flew to his Master with the Princess's Letter; but *Lysidor*'s Lacquey as nimble as himself, was as soon at *Darbelle*'s lodging as *La Rock*; he pretended a little while after to inquire for a Gentleman, whose Name he had forgot, which he knew if he heard it nam'd; but to the best of my memory (says he) he told me this was his Lodging. I know not who you shou'd mean (answer'd the Servant of the House) for we have two Gentlemen who lodge here, the one they call Mr. *Comrade*, the other Mr. *La Rock*. No, certainly (says the Lacquey again) 'tis none of them, and sure I have mistook his directions. Oh, I beg your pardon (goes he on) yonder just at the turning of the Corner of the Street passes the very Person who I seek: so took his leave, and went to find out his Prince, who he doubted not but to please with his diligence and success, not only in dogging *Celia* (as he had been order'd) but also by making a Discovery that the Princess was concern'd in the business, who had given the man a Letter, and that he had not only found out his Lodging, but as he thought his Name which he was confident must be one of the two the Servant where they lodg'd had told him.

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La Rock no sooner enter'd, but with Transports of Joy he tells his Master that he had seen and spoke with the Princess, and that he question'd not but he wou'd in the end find her free and innocent, and that undoubtedly there had been great Treachery, cou'd they but find out where it lay; to which purpose she desir'd he wou'd acquaint her with his Lodging, and that she would send *Mariana* her faithful Confident unto him. But *Darbelle* (at the very Name of *Mariana* (for what Reason he knew not) started, as at some sudden Accident, and an unusual Horror seiz'd him all over, his very Soul was turn'd, and a harsh unpleasant noise seem'd to grate his Ears at the very sound of *Mariana*—) interrupted him (saying) 'I 'know no grounds I have for my Suspi-'cion, but I fear that *Ma*—— There his Speech faltred, and he cou'd not go through with the word. 'That Woman '(I say) has had a large share in causing all those Miseries I now endure; nor dare I any longer trust her; for if my Suspicions are true, that 'tis she that has robb'd me of my Rest and Peace, nay, of my *Clitie* too, she will not stop there, but take from me my life, when once she has it in her power.

La Rock knew there was much Reason for what he said, considering that after all the Protestations she had made of Fidelity and Friendship to his Master, promising to give him a faithful Account of all that passed with *Clitie*, especially were there the least Suspicion of a Rival, kept silent: Add to this, that they had heard that the Prince had given her a good Estate, and married her to a Gentleman something related to him, they no longer doubted but she was the Impostor that had betray'd them.

However, waving any further talk of her at present, he deliver'd him the Princess's Letter, which *Darbelle* kiss'd a thousand times ere he open'd it, blessing the dear Hand of her who writ and sent it. The Letter was as follows.

NOw is the time my Misfortunes are grown incurable, since I find the unfortunate Darbelle *not only lives, but loves me still; I know not yet who to accuse, but I have been perswaded not only by an universal Report, but by a particular Messenger who was sent into* Florence, *that you were married there, and had gotten the Esteem and Favour of the great Duke, and resolv'd no more to think of seeing these Parts again, and withal brought*

brought me your pretended Lady's Picture, which to my great Sorrow I have ſtill preſerv'd by me; and ſoon after, not only my ſelf, but the whole Court was aſſur'd of your death. Judge then, Darbelle, *if after all theſe Miſinformations of your Inconſtancy and Death, if I cou'd do leſs than give my ſelf up to a total Deſpair, till by the Perſwaſion of my faithful Confident,* Mariana, *and her Brother (who was the Perſon I ſent into* Tuſcany*) together with my Father's Commands, and the aſſiduous Addreſſes and daily Importunities of a Prince whoſe Love and Conſtancy ſeem'd to challenge ſome return; I made him Maſter of my ſelf by marrying him. Nor did I need any further Confirmation of your Infidelity, than after three Months writing to you almoſt every day, I receiv'd not one Line of Anſwer. This I am forc'd to tell you for my own Juſtification, and doubt not but you have as large and ſpecious Pretenſions for yours; which tho' it will be ſome Satisfaction to me to find you innocent, yet will it give me more in injoying the laſt fatal ſtroke my Misfortunes can lay on me, and eaſe me at once both of my Life and Miſery; and that ſince I cannot live for* Darbelle, *I can willingly, and with content die for him.*

Darbelle, after having read this Letter, seem'd as a perfect Statue, and stood as motionless as so much Marble. *La Rock* who was an Ear-witness to this fatal News became almost as senseless as his Master, but considering with himself, that the Grief which bleeds not in the Eyes, still festers inwardly, and clogs the Heart, broke silence first; 'Now it is plain (says 'he to him) you both have been betray'd, 'and 'tis as evident by whom. O hellish 'Perfidie! O cursed Crocodile! (says 'Darbelle) who whilst thou seem'dst to 'weep, and bear a part in my Misfortunes, 'was thus contriving my Confusion. O 'damn'd deceitful *Mariana! Eve* in her 'fall was innocence to thee. What Plagues, 'what Torture, Death, what Hell it self 'has Punishment enough to give thee? 'And thy accursed Brother, more false and 'treacherous, and more inventive of Lyes, 'than that Devil that first seduc'd Man-'kind, and flung him from the state of In-'nocence. But you are fruit both of a 'Bough, which with the Stock and all the 'Branches, I will cut down and throw to 'everlasting Ruine. And *Lysidor*, thou 'Prince (of nought but Devils) I have 'mark'd thee out for sure Destruction; 'nor all the Kings on Earth, nor all the

Fears

'Fears of Death, nay, nor thy Wife her
ſelf, ſhall ſtop this vengeful Arm from do-
'ing Juſtice on thee.

Here he ſtood ſtill a while and read a-
gain the Letter. 'Nay, I will do't (he
'cry'd) if I were ſure this act (with me)
'would ruine all Mankind, and mould
'the World into a ſecond Chaos. Thus
the Tranſports of his Fury thought of no-
thing but Revenge. But a little after,
(with a deep ſigh, his Eyes brim-full of
Tears and Languiſhments, Love takes
his place). 'But, O *La Rock, La Rock*,
'(ſays he) my deareſt charming *Clitie*
'ſtill is true; ſhe loves, unfortunate as I
'am, ſtill; and ſince ſhe cannot come a
'pure and ſpotleſs Virgin to my Arms,
'reſolves to waſh her guilt off with her
'Blood. Alas! ſhe was betray'd as well
'as I. Then ſtops again, and having paus'd
'a while; Lie ſtill my Heart (ſays he)
'and huſh thy Injuries a while aſleep, and
'uſe the utmoſt means you can to ſave the
'life of one more pretious than my Soul,
'of one the Gods themſelves wou'd
'mourn to part with, and grieve a Loſs
'can never be repaid: She muſt not,
'ſhall not die for me; or if ſhe does,
'(flying again into a raving Fit) I'le ſa-
'crifice the lives of all thoſe wicked Mon-

'sters, nay, the Blood of all their curſed 'Race, to appeaſe her Injur'd Ghoſt.

In the mean time the Prince's Lacquey had given him a full Account of every thing; *Mariana* being by, who as ſoon as ſhe heard the Name of *La Rock*, knew the other muſt certainly be *Darbelle* under the falſe Name of *Conrade*. The Lacquey was diſmiſs'd, and the Prince and *Mariana* ſtaid together above two hours conſulting what to do, knowing that without they cou'd find ſome ſpeedy way to prevent it, nothing cou'd hinder a Diſcovery of their Practice. They thought on many Projects, but fix'd on none but what they firſt deſign'd (to wit) *Darbelle*'s Death. That will not be enough (ſays the cruel *Mariana*) for whilſt *La Rock* ſurvives we are not ſafe; they muſt both die (as they have liv'd) together. The Prince was ſoon brought to conſent to it, and without more ado left *Mariana* and went to her Brother, who (as was ſaid before) was conceal'd in a private Houſe that the Prince had order'd. When he came to him (ſays he) '*Adraſte*, have you well 'conſider'd what I told you laſt? And are 'your Reſolutions firm to the Deſign? As 'firm (anſwers *Adraſte*) as my Love and 'Faith to you; and were I ſure the Deed 'wou'd

'wou'd brand me o're with Curſes, nay, 'throw Anathama's on all my Race, and 'in the end procure the Wheel, I wou'd 'not boggle at it.

The Prince embrac'd him, and commended his Friendſhip and Reſolution, and withal told him, ſince none in the World but them two and his Siſter knew of the deceit, none but themſelves ſhou'd be employ'd in making good what with ſo much Succeſs they had begun. Therefore preſently diſguiſing themſelves in Ruffians Habits, and arming with ſure and good Weapons, (the Night now coming on apace) they went out of the Houſe into the Street, where *Lyſidor*'s Man had told him he had dog'd the Gentleman: They had not waited long ere (by a light that was brought to the door) they perceiv'd two Men in Cloaks come forth: The Prince made no doubt but they were the very ſame he look'd for, but for more certainty he went up to one of them, and ſoftly touching him on the Shoulder, *Darbelle* (ſays he) a word with you in private: It hapned to be *La Rock* who he had taken for his Maſter; however the faithful *La Rock* thought it not ſafe to inform him of his Miſtake, but throwing his Cloak aſide, ſays, Who is that? The Prince re-

plies, One from the Princeſs *Clitie*: At which *La Rock* ſtepping a little nearer him to hear what he wou'd ſay; 'The 'Princeſs, ſays *Lyſidor*, commends her to 'you, and has ſent you this, running at *La Rock* with his Sword, which by good chance miſs'd his Body, and was ſo intangled in his Cloak, that he had time to draw his own in his Defence ere the Prince cou'd diſingage it. *Adraſte* follow'd the Prince's Example, and ſet upon *Darbelle*, who as ſoon as he had heard himſelf named, had put himſelf into a poſture to defend him.

The Combat was not long, for the ſecond Paſs *La Rock* made, he run the Prince quite through the Heart, who immediately fell, pronouncing theſe words, 'I am juſtly 'rewarded for all my Treachery; and ſo ended his Life. But *Darbelle*, after he had given *Adraſte* ſeveral Wounds, ſeeing a light appear at the other end of the Street, together with *La Rock*, (without inquiring who or what they were had ſet upon them) fled to avoid being apprehended; they had both the good fortune not to be wounded, and lodg'd themſelves in another quarter of the City in a place as private as the former.

The Light (we ſpoke of) was a Magiſtrate of the City, with ſeveral of his Officers, were going to ſearch a ſuſpected Houſe in that Bye-ſtreet for Goods that had been ſtoln; who, ſo ſoon as they came to the place (where before they heard, as they thought, ſome claſhing of Swords) they found the Prince (who at preſent they knew not) dead, and a little from him the falſe *Adraſte* (all wounded and bloody) on the ground, who they perceiv'd ſtill had life in him; he cauſed both the Bodies to be taken up, and conveyed to a Houſe hard by, where they laid *Adraſte* into Bed, and ſent for Chyrurgeons to dreſs his Wounds, and if poſſible to recover him again, that they might learn of him the meaning of that Adventure, and who he was that was kill'd, for the Diſguiſe the Prince had on, hindred them from knowing him.

The next Morning (the Prince not having been at his Lodging all Night, not being known ever before to ſtay out) Enquiry was made to know what was become of him, and about four a Clock in the Afternoon the Report of his Death was ſpread over the whole City; but they kept it at preſent from the Princeſs, who was bewailing the Misfortunes of

Darbelle to *Mariana*, who was come at that time to visit her; 'Alas, *Mariana!* '(says she to her) What can we think of 'this Affair? Who has betray'd us? What 'more than savage Beast cou'd do so bar-'barous an Act? What you tell me (says '*Mariana*) is to me all Mystery, and it 'wou'd require some Oracle to solve the '*Ænigma*; however, Madam, you can 'ne're be blam'd, and all that you have 'done, was what the most wise and ver-'tuous Lady living might justifie; there-'fore afflict your self no more about it, 'but leave it to the Heavens and *Darbelle*, 'who you say is alive and return'd, (a 'thing, but that you say it, I cou'd scarce 'believe) to find out the Treachery. Come 'dry those Eyes, and think of this no 'more; your Duty now does bind you 'wholly to your Lord, in whom you'l 'find those Joys and Comforts will allay 'your Sorrows. You are young, and in 'your Beauty's Prime, and shou'd not wear 'so black a Cloud of Woes; you'l give 'him cause, it may be, to suspect your 'Love, and think some other Object has 'usurp'd your Heart; I wou'd not for a 'thousand Worlds that he shou'd see you 'thus. O, *Mariana!* (replies *Clitie*) can 'you ere think I lov'd, and lov'd so well,

'and

'and entertain one mite of Joy, while I 'have ruin'd the moſt conſtant, tender, 'and moſt deſerving man alive; alive, 'ſaid I! alas, wou'd he had dy'd when 'falſe Report made me give credit to it; 'he's yet alive, but will not long be ſo; 'his Griefs and his Misfortunes will ſoon 'put an end to his Life, and all the Guilt 'will light upon my Head.

Thus were they diſcourſing when one came in and told them the Prince was murther'd, and that *Adraſte*, *Mariana*'s Brother (who was mortally wounded, as they believ'd) was ſuſpected to have been the Murderer. 'My Brother kill the 'Prince! (ſays *Mariana*) ſure it cannot 'be; and without ſaying any more, ſhe 'went to know the certainty.

The Princeſs now was left alone, and freſh ſtreams of tears run down her lovely Face, when ſhe complain'd thus to her ſelf; 'Ah, wretched *Clitie!* when will thy cruel 'Deſtiny have done? When will the Dregs 'of all its wrathful Malice be poured out? 'What is reſerv'd in all the power of Hea-'ven to eaſe thy Sufferings? Unhappy 'Prnice! unhappy 'cauſe thou lov'dſt me, 'and I a thouſand times unhappy 'cauſe I 'was thy Wife. Thus we will leave her bemoaning her ſad Misfortunes.

The

The Chyrurgeons had by this time ſearch'd and dreſs'd all *Adraſte*'s Wounds, who was now come a little to himſelf again, and had Promiſes from them, if he would be rul'd, he might do well. But *Mariana* arriving, wou'd by no means be kept from ſeeing her Brother; ſhe ran to him, and conjur'd him to tell her how he came thus wounded, and who had kill'd the Prince: But he (not ſuſpecting that ſhe knew any thing of *Darbelle*'s being in *Paris*, having been kept up cloſe by the Prince that he cou'd not ſee her) told her, that as the Prince was going upon a Deſign wherein he had done him the honour to make him his Companion, they were ſet upon in the Street by men they knew not, who had left them in that Condition. The Chyrurgeons wou'd not ſuffer her to diſcourſe or ſtay any longer with him, alledging it wou'd retard the Cure, if not render all their Medicins uſeleſs, put her out of the Room, and left him to himſelf.

Darbelle was no ſooner in his new Lodgings, but new Afflictions did poſſeſs his Heart; he was more ſurpriz'd at this laſt Adventure, than at all the reſt; he rais'd a thouſand Doubts about it, which wou'd not let him take one moment's reſt

that

that Night; he reflected afresh on all his Calamities, and particularly on this last Misfortune; and Jealousie was now the Master of his Soul, he turn'd all to *Clitie*'s Disadvantage, imagin'd her yet false, and all her Oaths and Protestations Air, and the last Letter and the Message she sent by *La Rock* to know his Lodging, was only a Trap to insnare his Life; and that those Bravo's who had assaulted him (as they themselves said) were sent to him by the Princess; he rav'd and exclaim'd against her like a Mad-man, nor cou'd all that *La Rock* cou'd say, mitigate his Passion; he call'd her perfidious, ingrateful Tygress, Murderer, and all the barbarous Names his Fury cou'd invent; nor did stick to threaten her self, and fully resolv'd the next Morning to execute this Resolution.

La Rock still preach'd Patience to him, telling him this might be a Mistake as well as all the rest, and desir'd leave to go out and inform himself what those Assassinates were, and what they meant. *Darbelle* cou'd not in reason but consent to what so much he long'd to know. *La Rock* putting off his Disguise he had on when he saw *Clitie*, went to the Exchange and to several Coffee-houses, where he was soon inform'd

inform'd that the Prince was murder'd laſt Night, and *Adraſte* mortally wounded, and that none knew the Murtherers.

The unhappy *Darbelle* ſtill rav'd of nothing but Blood and Revenge, pouring out whole Volleys of Curſes and Imprecations againſt the innocent Princeſs: 'What, Traytreſs! (wou'd he ſay) was't 'not enough for thee to murder *Amaſis*, 'and make me the wretched Executioner, 'but you muſt ſeek my Blood? Inhumane 'as thou art, I who have over tenderly 'adored you, I that have ſuffer'd ſo many 'Affl ctions and Miſeries for thy ſake, muſt 'I be made (to ſumm up all your Cruel-'ty) the Draught to quench your bloody 'Thirſt? Thou, worſe than Hell, cou'd 'not you ſpare that life a few ſhort mi-'nutes more, which wou'd it ſelf extin-'guiſh ſhortly, but you muſt ride me poſt 'to death? In theſe and ſuch like Cogitations was he, when *La Rock* enter'd.

'Well then (ſays *Darbelle*) what news 'from Hell? What was that She-Devil's 'Deſign? And who were they that did 'attempt our Lives? He ſpoke theſe words in ſuch a furious tone, his Eyes all ſparkling Rage and Fire when *La Rock* told him.

him, it is Prince *Lysidor* whom I have kill'd, and *Adraste* that you have wounded mortally. 'Thanks, bounteous Hea-'ven (replies *Darbelle*) I find you now 'begin to mend your hand, and have not 'quite deserted me, so let all fall who have contriv'd my Ruine, so let her fall who first occasioned it.

There is no question but there was diligent search made to find those men who slew the Prince, but all in vain. In a few days after his Body was interr'd with all the Pomp and State that became his Birth and Quality, while the poor Princess bewail'd a double Loss; for she began now to suspect *Darbelle*, and impute it to his Jealousie, which gave her far greater disquiets than any she had had. 'Will For-'tune (says she) never tire! Can she be 'constant only to my Miseries? Can she 'have any Vengeance yet in store? Or if 'she has, Why does she thus by piece-meals 'deal it out? O Fate, be merciful in Cru-'elty, and heap my Woes by Wholesale 'on, that with their Weight I may be 'crush'd into my Mother Earth again. 'But why do I complain? My cruel Desti-'ny is deaf to all my Prayers, and takes 'delight to see me suffer; what then re-'mains, but that I brave my Foe, and

'arm

'arm my self with Courage to endure the 'worst?

Hitherto the false *Mariana* was prosperous enough in all her Undertakings, and all her Plots succeeded to her wish; but now she fear'd all her Deceits were found out, and doubted not but they were *Darbelle* and *La Rock* who had slain the Prince and wounded her Brother, and that the next that fell, must be her self; she studied how to escape the Blow, and wou'd not let her active Brain have rest, till she had found some way to revenge the Prince's Death, and *Adraste*'s Wounds. She thought at first to have discover'd, that *Darbelle* was in *Paris*, but that Design soon vanish'd; for she imagin'd after the Prince's Death, *Darbelle* had surely flown to his Retreat in *Tuscany*, and she shou'd but alarm the Town to no purpose, and therefore she contriv'd another way, which was to write to the Princess, as from *Darbelle*, in which she made him own the Fact, and glory in the Prince's fall; by which means she doubted not but to set so great a variance between *Darbelle* and the Princess, that there shou'd be no likelihood of his ever seeing her, or at least speaking to her again.

Big

Big with this Project, she hastens home and writes the Letter, and having some of those Billets by her, which *Darbelle* had formerly writ to *Clitie*, and which she had kept still by her, it was no difficult matter to imitate his Hand so well, that the afflicted Princess in her Tears and Sorrows cou'd not well distinguish it.

Having finish'd her Letter, she went to the Princess's Apartment, with the shew of an inconceivable Trouble, which she did not now altogether dissemble, for her Brother's Wounds, and the ill posture of her own Affairs, gave her no small Inquietudes.

She found the Princess (as she cou'd wish) alone, and almost drown'd in Sorrow, bewailing her hard Misfortunes, who as soon as she saw her enter, began to renew her Complaints, and made such Lamentations they almost touch'd the Heart of cruel *Mariana*, but she was pitiless, Remorse was still a Stranger to her Breast; she look'd on *Clitie* with so sad and mournful Eyes, as told her almost what she came about. The Princess made her sit down by her, telling her, now her Fate had done its worst; she demanded of her many things, but *Mariana* answer'd all with Sighs and Tears, looking as tho'

her

her Soul was just expiring, which the Princess taking notice of, ask'd what new 'matter she had to tell her? Surely (says 'she to her) your looks have something 'that wou'd fain discover what lies at your 'Heart; your Face seems fill'd with some-'thing of Import; the things must needs 'be strange within the Book, when it does 'bare so sad a Title-page. *Mariana* re-'ply'd, My Countenance but suites my 'Heart, and blabs out what I wou'd glad-'ly have conceal'd.— But here her Soos and Sighs stopp'd up the passage of her Speech. 'Speak on (says the poor Prin-'cess) for I can hear you now, I am now 'grown familiar with my Misery. As 'soon (says *Mariana* to her again) as 'Grief will give me leave, I will tell you 'one of the saddest Stories ever pierc'd 'your Ear. *Darbelle*—— at that word the Princess started, as at some horrid sight, 'Proceed (says she) What of *Dar-'belle?* Is he dead, or is he taken? Alas, 'unhappy Princess! (answers *Mariana*) 'his Death's a Favour Fate will not be-'stow on you; wou'd he were dead, or 'rather (for why shou'd I wish Death to 'one I vow'd an everlasting Friendship to) 'wou'd I were dead ere I was made the 'Messenger of these sad Tidings I am come

'to

'to tell you, *Darbelle* (by what means I 'know not) found my Lodging out, and 'coming to me (all wreaking in the 'Prince's Blood, in which he took such 'pride, that I (amaz'd) cou'd not de-'mand him any thing.

'*Mariana* (says he to me) I am come 'to give you thanks for all your cares and 'faithfulness in my Amours with that 'perfidious Princess, and have but this 'one last Request to make, which by our 'former Friendship, I conjure you to per-'form. Go to that false Ungrate (says 'he) and tell her how you see me; tell 'her (goes he on) I now have on my 'Wedding-Cloaths, and all the Glory in 'the World wou'd sit but loose and trou-'blesome upon me, when compar'd to this 'rich purple, bloody Dress: Bid her ex-'pect no more to hear from me, for this 'shall be the last: With that, he put this 'Letter into my Hand, and went directly 'forth again. Grief and the horrid Ob-'ject of the dear Prince's Blood, which 'still look'd fresh and beautiful upon his 'Garments, struck such a Terrour in my 'Soul, that I no longer cou'd support my 'self, but sunk down on the floor, where 'I continued long before my Senses did re-'turn; but then, alas! it was too late,

'or

'or elſe I wou'd have rais'd the Houſe to 'have ſtopp'd the Murderer; and fearing 'to bring your Vertue and Honour into 'queſtion, if it ſhou'd be known that he 'who kill'd your Husband was the Ghoſt 'at the Ball, and the next night the Shep-'herd, for whoſe ſake you made a ſe-'cond Ball, where you appointed an As-'ſignation with him in the Play-houſe. 'Theſe things came all into my thoughts, 'for which I let him make his eſcape, '(knowing his own guilty Conſcience 'will in time be worſe to him than death) 'and came to render you this true Ac-'count, and deliver you the Letter which 'he left.

Mariana having ended her Diſcourſe, the Princeſs took the Letter, and in open-ing it, 'It is enough (ſhe ſaid) it is e-'nough, you heavenly Powers, keep back 'the remnant of your Anger, and let my 'Death at once appeaſe your further 'Wrath; then read theſe words:

The much wrong'd *Darbelle* to the perfidious *Clitie.*

YOu taught me firſt the way to Blood, in which I am grown expert; you might by Amaſis *have learn'd I cou'd admit no Ri-val,*

val; I won'd condole your Widowhood, did it not thwart the Joys which fill my Heart to see your Husband dead. My Injuries were great, and nothing but his Blood cou'd make me satisfaction; but least my sight shou'd ere offend your Eyes, I'le fly as far as day does spread his Wings, and having by this glorious Act appeas'd my tortur'd Soul a little, I'le take such ways, that I ere long will banish your Idea from my Heart, till when I ne're shall be what formerly I was,

Darbelle.

The Princess read this Letter with a seeming calmness, but when that she had done, and found *Darbelle* was indeed (for so the Letter tells) her Husband's Murderer, it wou'd require a Heart as much afflicted as her own, and one more eloquent than ever was, but to conceive one half of what possess'd her Soul, she immediately took her bed, nor cou'd the care of all her Friends, her Kindred, or Physicians, procure one word from her, or make her take the least nourishment for three whole days, which so dispoil'd the Beauties of her Face, and brought her Body to that low estate, that all despair'd to see her live a day.

When

When a man was brought into her Chamber, sitting in an arm'd Chair, all sick and wounded, and plac'd by her Bed-side, he was *Adraste*, who hearing the sad Condition of the Princess, and finding he was himself departing, desir'd leave of her Father to be brought to *Clitie*, telling him that he, and he alone cou'd ease his Daughter, and work a Cure which no Physician with their Medicins cou'd: he desir'd to be left alone with her, or at least that they wou'd withdraw a little from the Bed-side, for what he had to say was short, and only for her Ear.

All things thus dispos'd (the almost-expiring *Adraste*) raising his voice so high that the Princess might hear him, 'Unhappy Princess (says he to her) behold 'a Malefactor at your Feet, imploring 'yours and Heaven's Pardon; behold the 'false *Adraste* at the point of Death, yet 'cannot die till he has made you happy. At the naming *Adraste*, the Princess (whose Eyes till now had been clos'd) open'd them, and looking on him, 'Can there 'be any happiness for me (replies the Princess in a tone of one just giving up the 'Ghost)? Have you an Art to bribe the 'Destinies? Or can you change an immutable Decree? No less than this can ever

'make

'make me happy. O hear me out (ſays 'he, interrupting her) my life is too too 'ſhort to tell you what I wou'd, I feel it 'mouldring every minute: *Darbelle* is yet 'true; the deceas'd unhappy Prince to 'gain your Love, did bribe me and my Si-'ſter *Mariana* to betray you—— there he 'ſtopt. 'Speak on, *Adraſte* (ſaies the 'Princeſs) for I feel ſomething at my 'Heart, which bids me hear you out; 'ſpeak, and I'le lie as ſtill as Death it ſelf. In ſhort, *Adraſte* diſcover'd to her the whole Cheat (after the ſame manner as you have heard it in the foregoing Parts) he told her how the Prince and *Mariana* kept back all hers and *Darbelle*'s Letters, and that the Picture he made her believe was *Darbelle*'s Wife, was nothing but a Counterfeit, which was made in *Paris*, that he himſelf (who ſhe had ſent) had never been in *Florence*, but that all the time of his pretended Journey he lay conceal'd in Prince *Lyſidor*'s Apartment: He told her that *Mariana* had diſcover'd all her Adventures with *Darbelle*, ſince his return from *Florence*, to the Prince, and the Deſign the Prince and himſelf had to take his life, which had brought them into the eſtate in which they were; That it was none of *Darbelle* that ſlew the Prince, but

his

his Servant, and that he himſelf was the man with whom *Darbelle* fought. All this he ſwore to her was true as he expected mercy from the Gods, who now had ſent him Summons to depart this life. *Mariana* having been at her Brother's Lodgings, and hearing that he deſir'd them to carry him to the Princeſs's Apartments, in order to diſcover ſomething of Importance to *Clitie*, found now all her Deſigns diſcovered, and all that ſhe had plotted utterly fruſtrated, eſpecially this laſt inhumane horrid one ſhe had in hand, which was to have poiſon'd her Brother, who ſhe found had at the point of Death remorſe, and in his repenting fit might betray her; ſhe reſolv'd to have ſav'd him the trouble of penitance by laying him aſleep with a Cordial ſhe had with her, but miſſing of him, ſhe made all the haſte ſhe cou'd after him, hoping ſhe might yet prevent the Diſcovery, or if not, to make a larger.

No ſooner did the Princeſs ſee her, but ſhe cry'd out, 'O! for Heaven ſake help, 'and take that Monſter from my ſight, ſhe 'is the curſed Cauſe of all my Miſery, and the ſad Worker of the Prince's Death. Several at this Out-cry ſtepp'd in, and laid hands on *Mariana*, who ſeeing the Princeſs

cess in that sad Condition, and her Brother just fall'n dead at her Feet, her self now in the hands of Justice, desir'd leave only to speak one word before they forc'd her away, which with the Princess's permission was granted her; 'I doubt not, 'Madam, (says she, applying her Speech 'to the Princess, but my Brother has dis-'cover'd to you all my Treachery (I mean 'all that he knew) that the Prince de-'serv'd the Death he found, and that *Dar-'belle* is yet spotless from any Ingratitude 'or Falshood, but he cou'd not tell you it 'was my self that writ the last Letter to 'you, as from *Darbelle*, and counterfeited 'his Hand, which had you nicely mark'd, 'you might have found before. Here I 'protest to you I know not where he is, 'nor have I seen him since he went to *Flo-'rence*, and what I told you of his coming 'to me, was all forg'd; tho' I suppose he 'is not far from these parts.

'All I have now to do, is to crave your 'pardon, which I can never deserve, and 'Heaven and Justice will not grant. Then 'taking the Bottle she had prepar'd for 'her Brother, she drank the Poison off, 'and bid them bear her to her Bed, for 'she told them she had not half an hour 'to live. They took her thence, but ere

she

ſhe cou'd reach her own houſe, what with the Grief, and the fatal Cordial ſhe had taken, ſhe expir'd.

Theſe tragical Actions cou'd not be without much Grief and Trouble to all who were either Friends or Relations to any of them; they gave much matter of Diſcourſe, but more of wonder to thoſe who were preſent, and heard *Darbelle* nam'd: Thoſe who knew nothing of the forementioned Adventures, thought it only ſome raving Fit, which the extremity of Grief for the Prince and her Brother (who lay dead before her) had caus'd, took but little notice of it; ſo that in few days there was neither talk nor thought of it among them, but all was ſtill as if it ne'er had been.

Clitie's Father was not offended at this Diſcovery, which had brought his Daughter to her Speech again, and ſeeing her now look with a more chearful Aire, and follow all her Doctors Preſcriptions, was overjoy'd with the hopes, that in a few days ſhe might do well again. So ſtrangly fond was this Old Man of her, that all the time of her Sickneſs hitherto, he had not left her Chamber; but being comforted with the Endeavours *Clitie* made, and the promiſes the Doctors gave for her recovery,

covery, he grew weary and tir'd with long Watching and Sorrow, went that night to his Bed; and after his first Sleep (which we'll suppose was sound enough) he awak'd with a certain heaviness at his Heart, unlike to any he had felt before, but he continued not long ere soft slumbers clos'd his Eyes again; and (as he told the King and others afterward) he had this Dream.

'Methought (says he) I was walking 'in the Garden of the *Artulieres*, and from 'thence passing to the Orange-walks, I 'met a man all pale and bloody, who com-'ing up to me, ask'd if I knew him; I 'look'd now a little more heedfully on him, 'and told him (if I remembred right) 'he was the unfortunate *Amasis*, who the 'unhappy *Darbelle* had slain, for which 'cause he had quit his own native Soil, 'and fled to *Tuscany*, where he has laid 'his Bones. I am (says the Vision to me) 'the same *Amasis* you speak of, unfortu-'nate, as you have justly term'd me, in that 'I was the occasion of all that unhappy 'Man's and your Daughter's Misfor-'tunes, and I am come to tell you that he 'is wrong'd. My Friends have been too 'severe in his Prosecution; 'tis true, he 'sent me to my Grave, but 'tis as true he

'did it nobly, and like a Gentleman, ha-
'ving Reason and Provocation enough for
'what he did. My vain Ostentation, and
'maintaining Injuries I had committed,
'urg'd me to do those things which caus'd
'my Fall, and will not let me rest till I
'have clear'd him of my Death; nor can
'my Ghost have quiet, until he be again
'happily establish'd in the King's Favour,
'and your vertuous Daughter's Love,
'which none deserves but he. He ne'er
'was married (as is reported) and is
'still alive; he has left his Solitude in
'*Tuscany*, and is return'd again to *Paris*,
'where he laments his sad Misfortunes;
'use therefore all possible means you can
'to comfort him, and ease my weary
'Spirit.

In finishing these words the good old Man awak'd, nor cou'd he sleep again that Night, a thousand Thoughts assaulted him at once, nor knew he what result to make; but at the break of day he rose and went to *Clitie*'s Chamber, who he found pretty chearful and hearty, for she had rested well that Night; he made all quit the Room, and seating himself by her Bed-side, he began a Discourse in this manner.

My

'My dearest Child, (says he) why will 'you let your aged Father pine and mourn 'away, his few days left him, in Grief 'and Sorrows, and not ease his Pain? 'Thou knowest I ever dearly lov'd thee, 'nor was there any trouble seiz'd thy 'Heart, in which I did not share. I do 'remember yesterday that *Mariana* spoke 'to you of *Darbelle*, and what she meant 'by it, I come to learn of you; therefore 'dear Daughter, hide from me nothing 'of the Truth, for if *Darbelle* be yet alive, 'and not married (as I have cause to sus-'pect) and in this City, I shou'd be so 'far from disturbing his Peace, that I will 'use all my diligence with the King to get 'his Pardon, and perhaps establish him a-'gain at Court.

The Princess was not a little surpriz'd to hear her Father speak in this manner, tho' she cou'd not but be well-pleas'd to see his kindness to *Darbelle*; and not to keep her Father any longer in doubt, she acquainted him with the whole Story from *Darbelle*'s going into *Florence*, even to his coming back again to *Paris*, all the Tricks and Cheats *Mariana* and the Prince had put upon them, and lastly, the Murder he and *Adrisse* would have committed, wou'd the Heavens have permitted it, who in

the ſame time ſent others to take their lives. The Princeſs here alter'd a little the Truth of her Relation, for none but her ſelf knew who were they that kill'd them. *Celſe* was a hundred times about to have interrupted her, but the oddneſs of her Story, and her ſoft manner of relating it, mov'd him to ſuch a Commiſeration of their Misfortunes, that it drew Tears from the Eyes of the good old Gentleman, who when ſhe had made an end, he recounted to her his Dream, in all things ſo agreed with what *Clitie* had told him, that he wanted no further Confirmation to eſtabliſh his belief that *Darbelle* was ſtill virtuous, tho' ſtill unhappy in his Princes's Favour, who he reſolv'd to ſolicite ſo in his behalf, that he wou'd never let the King reſt till he had got his Pardon. Many Diſcourſes they had touching the means to bring it about, which now they had more likelihood to effect than before, ſince the Prince *Alexander*, *Amaſis*'s Brother, and *Lyſidor*, were dead, who daily preſs'd the King for Juſtice (as they call'd it) againſt *Darbelle*.

Who having eſcap'd the Hands of his Aſſaſſinates, and thoſe of the Magiſtrate and his Officers, return'd again to their

old

old Lodgings, fell into such Perplexities and Torments of mind, that it cast him into a dangerous Feaver which held him some Months, with little hopes of his Recovery; but Youth and Nature being strong, prevail'd with Death, and once more set him on his Feet again. He resolv'd to spend no more of his days in a place where every thing combin'd against him, but to return again for *Florence*, where he design'd in solitude to end his days, and to efface whate're his Love had made him write upon his Trees, in favour of his Mistress, and in their room to write Invectives against the whole Female Sex. To this end one day he discover'd his mind to *La Rock*, and order'd to prepare Horses, and all things necessary for such a Journey; and that at the beginning of the next Week he wou'd set forward. *La Rock* seconded his Design, and commended his Resolution, and in pursuance to his Commands, went the same day to furnish himself with Horses, when Fortune, who is never constant in any thing, conducted him to a man whose Horses were at Grass in a Field in the Countrey, near the place where the Princess had her House, and to which she was retir'd, in order to the better re-

covering her Health. The Man and *La Rock* took Coach together, and went to the place aforesaid, not being above four or five Miles from *Paris*, and while the Horses were fetching in, *La Rock* walk'd forth to see the Beauty of the place, which was certainly one of the finest Seats in that Countrey, and walking along a River, whose purling Streams seem'd to keep Consort with the noise the Winds made among the Leaves of the Trees that grew in the Grove, he heard (as he thought) at the other side of a thick Hedge, the Sighs and Complaints of a Woman; his Curiosity led him to go as near as possible he cou'd, without been seen, and listen to what she said; who having seated himself in a convenient place, cou'd through the Leaves behold a Woman lying on a Bank of Flowers, making her Arm (more white than Snow) her Pillow; her curling Hair hung negligently o're her Face, which as the friendly Wind remov'd away, made him perceive a Cheek more beautiful and fair, than ever he had seen before; but what mov'd him most, and hid what most he long'd to know, was the other fair Hand, that ever and anon was imploy'd with a Handkerchief, in wiping away those Tears which fell in streams

from

from her distilling Eyes; he had not long attended, but the beautiful disconsolate broke forth again into Words, and said,

'Fond Wretch! what avails it to com-'plain to Heaven, who, as they are just, 'ought not to take thy part? Blame Hea-'ven no more, but lay the Fault upon 'thy own Credulity, that is it has wrought 'thy ruine, and the overthrow of one whose 'Love and Constancy can meet no paral-'lel. Oh!—— (there drying her Eyes again with her Handkerchief, she stifl'd the name of some Man, so that he cou'd not understand who she meant.) 'What 'a foolish Man art thou to be so faithful 'to one who has so little deserv'd it? 'How has thy Love blinded thee to make 'a second Venture, when thy first cost 'thee so dear? And thy too much Con-'stancy has been the Cause of all thy sad 'Misfortunes? To what purpose dost 'thou pursue thy passion, when it leads 'thee to thy Ruine? And to what end 'dost thou indulge thy own Destruction? Here she ceas'd her words, and spoke with Eyes whose silent Rhetorick ran gliding down her Face, and drew the perfect Map of Sorrow. 'But (goes she on) thou 'canst weep, and that thou think'st e-

'nough, a few Woman's Tears, the next 'akin to Crocodiles. Cou'dst thou weep 'Blood, and through the Sluces of thy 'Eyes, drain all the Moisture of thy Veins, 'twere yet too little to wash away the Mi-'sery they have caus'd. Rest and Con-'tent are now grown Strangers to me, or 'if perchance sometimes the Night gives 'me Repose, my Sorrows waken with the 'Day, and gush upon me with the greater 'power. I know I torment my self in 'vain, for he knows nothing of it; or if 'he did, his Injuries, are grown so great, 'I never can expect Relief from him, nor 'ever to possess the place I once had in 'his Heart, which I deservedly have lost, 'tho Heaven can bear me witness, I al-'ways priz'd it more than life. I have 'chosen here a solitary place to sympa-'thize with him, and to be as far distant 'as I can from that, where my Afflictions 'first begun: But, alas! in quitting that, 'I cannot quit my Grief, but must for ever 'mourn my cruel Fate.

La Rock was hearkning to her moan when he observ'd a Woman to come up to her, who he knew to be *Celia*, with whom he had discours'd in the Theatre, by which he imagin'd the disconsolate Lady to be the Princess, and by the mo-

ving

ving Complaints she had made, he cou'd think the man she meant, to be no other than his Master; but he was soon put out of doubt, for *Celia* coming to her, says, 'O dearest Mistress! give not way to your 'Distemper, we all must die, and he has 'only paid a Debt that Nature will exact 'from you and me, and all the World. 'Dear Princess, rise, your Father is ar-'riv'd to see you. With that, she help'd her up, and then he plainly saw it was *Clitie*, whom all this while he had heard, but was more surpriz'd, when at her parting she turn'd her head aside, and said in a low and mournful tone, 'O *Darbelle*, '*Darbelle*, thou little know'st what my 'poor Heart endures for thee!

La Rock was so surpriz'd at these last words, and his Soul so transported with Joy, that he was once in the mind to have follow'd her, and have told her that his Master was still in *Paris*, and that nothing but her Commands cou'd hinder him from going where perhaps they might never see each other more; but upon better Thoughts he resolv'd first to acquaint *Darbelle* of this Adventure, and take farther Orders from him.

I need not tell you that he saw, lik'd, and bought the Horses which he came about,

bout, and made all the haſte he cou'd back again to *Paris*, where we left *Darbelle* venting his Griefs, and making exclamations againſt the poor *Clitie*; his Heart was ſo acquainted now with Miſery, which had ſo long been his Companion, that all hopes of Comfort had long ſince been baniſh'd, he expected no more to ſee the day with Comfort, or to paſs the Night in any thing but Sorrow; every thing was matter of new trouble to him; others Felicities increas'd his Woes, and others Miſeries did but add to his; and he cou'd ſee none ſo unhappy as himſelf, and all the Thoughts that fill'd his Mind were either of his Miſtreſs's Diſdain, or of his Journey into *Florence*; and in this Condition was he when *La Rock* came home.

Who gave him an Account of what he had done, that he had bought the Horſes, and had given order for all the other neceſſaries that wou'd be needful in their Travel. 'It is well done (ſays *Darbelle*) 'let us go, let us go, *La Rock*, and injoy 'our Solitude alone, where free from 'Noiſe of Pleaſure and of State, we ſhall 'in a ſoft quietude yield up our lateſt 'Breaths, and free from Woman (wou'd 'I cou'd as well free my ſelf from the 'Thoughts

'Thoughts of 'em) live out the remnant 'of our miserable days; we'll fear no 'Falshood or Treachery amongst our 'selves; for surely none will there envy 'our sorrowful Lives, nor endeavour to 'shorten those few minutes Heaven will 'lend our Miseries. But (answers *La* '*Rock*) how if after all this, *Clitie* shou'd 'be true, and love you yet more than she 'ever did? *Darbelle*, with a scornful smile, 'return'd, Why dost thou talk of things 'impossible? *La Rock* answer'd him, 'Twas not impossible, and that he had 'more than probability for what he said. He related to him all that he heard the Princess say, and how he came to the knowledge of it. *Darbelle* was much surpriz'd at what he said, and imagin'd if this were true, his Condition was not so bad as he suppos'd it; but Dispair had so wholly possest his Soul, that it cou'd admit no other than guess; however he resolv'd that the next day *La Rock* shou'd inquire further about it.

Clitie's Father had made what Interest he cou'd with the King for *Darbelle*'s pardon, but as yet had receiv'd no favourable Answer, though he hop'd to bring the business to a happy issue. But the next day being the King's Birth-day, and

a time

a time when all the Court appear'd in Jollity, and no mourner whatsoever was suffer'd to come within its Walls, *Celse* hop'd that day wou'd prove more propitious to him than any hitherto, intended to set all Wheels to work, and leave no means unattempted that might make his Enterprize successful, went on purpose into the Countrey to bring the Princess up to Court to sollicite (amongst the rest) for *Darbelle*'s Pardon, whose request he hop'd, the King wou'd grant, for both the King and the Queen had a great Respect for her. Nothing but this business cou'd have prevail'd with her to leave her Solitude, and appear again at Court; for now she thought nothing she cou'd do, enough for one who had suffer'd so much for her; so that the same Night she return'd with her Father to *Paris*.

La Rock next morning went into the City, and as near the Court as he dare venture (for he had notice that the Princess was come to Town) to get a sight of *Celia*, who came up the Night before with her Mistress; he had learn'd also, that the Princess intended to appear at the Solemnity, at the end of which there was to be a great Ball, where most of the Nobility wou'd be in Masquerade, and

that

that the Court was free for all Gentlemen that were curious either to see, or partake of the Sport: He waited some time, but found there was no likelihood of speeding that day, for he saw all sorts of Tradesmen going in and out of the Princess's Apartment, Tailors, Milliners, Lace-men, Perfumers and Jewellers, all to adorn a Beauty, which without those Foyles, was more splendid and illustrious than any in the Court besides.

He return'd home to *Darbelle*, who waited for him with incredible impatience, thinking each minute an hour, and every hour a day: how often wou'd he run to the Chamber-door (if any body came up Stairs) expecting to meet *La Rock*? And as often wou'd return again with much disquiet when he found it was not he; at last the so much long'd-for minute came, in which he enter'd, he told him (in short) all he had learn'd, telling him, there was no hopes for him to get a sight of her that day, unless he wou'd once more make use of his former device of going in Masquerade. He was resolv'd to venture all hazards to see and speak to the Princess, and from her own Mouth to receive his doom. But it was grown by this time so late, that he had no time to get a Disguise made;

and

and rather than not go, he took that which had serv'd him in one of the former Balls, 'twas that of the noble Shepherd, saying, he car'd not what became of him; and if *Clitie* still low'd him (as *La Rock* had perswaded him) she wou'd the sooner know him, if not, it was but death at last, which wou'd only shorten his Misseries, and give him a Pass-port to the other World but some few days the sooner.

La Rock, by no Arguments he cou'd use, cou'd alter his mind; however he was resolv'd to run all Dangers with him, and though Death it self should happen to share with him in this Adventure.

The Night began to grow old when *Darbelle* and *La Rock* enter'd the Room where they were dancing; but a more glorious shew of Jewels, and Beauty which far out-shin'd them, was no where in the World to equal what was there, but above all, the Princess was the Load-stone which attracted the Eyes of all the Spectators; she had on a Gown so rich with Imbroidery, and so cover'd with Gemms, that one wou'd have thought wou'd have purchas'd a whole Province; she was dancing a *Minua* with the King, which hinder'd her from taking notice when

Darbelle

Darbelle enter'd, and it made much to his purpose, for at the sight of her, he was strook with a sudden Fear, which for the present depriv'd him of all his Senses, and he stood just in the Door, not able to go forward, which most of those at the Ball imputed to his unwillingness to enter till the King had made an end of his Dance; by which time our Lover was ten times more amorous than ever, and all those cruel Thoughts he had before of *Clitie*, quite disappear'd, and Love, All-powerful Love again had got possession of his Heart; he gets up to *La Rock*, and speaking to him in a low voice, 'La Rock (says 'he) if I fall, I shall fall gloriously, and 'never man receiv'd his Doom in so illustrious an Assembly, let us go on, and 'dare the worst our Fate can do; for having seen her, if she love me not, I have 'no further use for life.

The Princess being seated, had time now to look about her; but, O Heavens! no sooner did she see our amorous Shepherd, but her Colour went and came, and in spite of all the Constraint she laid upon her self to hide her Surprize, she cou'd not hinder her self from falling into a Swoon; all run to her, amongst the rest *Darbelle* was not idle; he had her by one

of

of her Hands, while others run for Water; the good old *Celse* was not least concern'd, he got her in his Arms, and bath'd her with his Tears; but after a while she began to recover, and *Celse* asking her what was the matter, she whisper'd in his ear, *Darbelle*, the unfortunate *Darbelle* was in the Room. He seem'd to take no notice of what she said; but having placed her again in her Seat, and left her to the care of the Ladies who were about her, he went to the King and talk'd in private with him for some time; after which there was a Command given, that all the Doors shou'd be shut, and none stir in or out.

Darbelle till this time had Eyes and Thoughts employed on the Princess, and observ'd not *Celse*'s talking with the King, but when he heard this Command, that none shou'd go in or out, he was not a little surpriz'd, who altho' he did not in the least suspect that he was the occasion of it, yet was far more astonish'd when the Princess was pretty well recover'd, he heard the King give a second Command, that all who were masqued, should pull off their Vizors, and discover who they were. Now was the time our masking Lover saw himself the Mark at which all

was

was levell'd, he began to repent his Curiosity, and within himself to muster up all those Reproaches and Revilings he had had against *Clitie*: But (in short) the King's Commands must be obey'd, and all unmasqu'd but *Darbelle*, who was unwilling to discover himself, which drew the Eyes both of the King and all the Company upon him, who admir'd who that shou'd be, who was repugnant to the King's Orders; when *Celse* himself comes up to him, and takes off his Masque, crying out in a loud Voice, O Heavens! it is *Darbelle*.

It is not to be conceiv'd the several Opinions that were in this Noble Assembly, but above all, the poor Princess who did not dare to speak, and her Heart was almost rent in sunder at this last unfortunate Disaster, she doubted not but he was now become a Prey to the King's Anger, and inveterate Malice of his Enemies; but she was more surpriz'd when the King coming to her, took her by the Hand, saying, Come hither Lady, do you know this Man? Then stepping to *Darbelle*, he in an angry tone, ask'd him how he dar'd appear before a King so much incens'd? To which *Darbelle* (falling upon his Knees, and humbly crav'd his pardon) answer'd

anſwer'd, That that Love which made him firſt incur his Majeſties Diſpleaſure, had ſince ſo blinded him, that he was incapable of doing any thing but what tended to his Love.

The King ſeeing our two Lovers in ſo great a Conſternation, and reſolving no longer to amuſe them, commanded *Darbelle* to ariſe, and gave him his gracious Pardon for all that he had done, and taking him by the Hand, as old *Celſe* did the Princeſs; they brought them both into the middle of the Room, and joyn'd the Hands of two, whoſe Hearts were long before united. He told *Darbelle* he was oblig'd to *Celſe*, who had procur'd his Pardon, and contriv'd this Device to make their Happineſs ſurprize them when they leaſt thought of it.

The END.

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